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FIFTY YEARS OF MUSIC



THE AUTHOR

FIFTY YEARS OF MUSIC

by

WILLIAM BOOSEY

ERNEST BENN LIMITED
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TO
MY DEAR WIFE

FOREWORD

“THIS year, next year, some time, never.” These are the few little words that have recently been causing me considerable perplexity. To be as brief as possible, I have been asked to collect and publish my musical reminiscences, the which cover a period of fifty years, dating from January 1880 to the present year of grace. To make my task more difficult, I have kept no diary, and so cannot specialise in dates. Obviously, then, the sooner I take my task in hand the better.

I think I can give a fairly full summary of the many musical facts and features with which I have been associated, firstly at Messrs. Boosey's, and secondly at Messrs. Chappell's, whose chairman I still am.

I do not wish you to look upon these reminiscences as a history of fifty years of music. Treated from such a point of view, they would probably bore most of us to death.

I want you to consider that you and I are going to have a chat about interesting things that have happened in the world of light music during the fifty years that I have been, naturally, a somewhat prominent figure.

I am even prepared occasionally to digress if I find you nodding, till I have been able to assert my ability to keep you amused and awake.

We shall discuss grand operas, light operas, concerts, serious and otherwise, publishing and

performing rights in music, music piracies, and, more particularly, the desperate and costly lawsuits that have had to be embarked upon from time to time to teach the hardened Philistines – and their number is legion – that musical property is entitled to the same legal protection as other property.

We have, further, to deal with the terrible inroads that have been made upon composers' rights by the invention of mechanical music. This new form of music has made shocking havoc of the sale of the composer's printed copy without any adequate monetary compensation to the owner of the same.

One of the most potent factors in the future of music has been the introduction of broadcasting, which, so long as a reasonable sum is paid to the composer for the use of his work, does make him some amends.

Finally, I will endeavour as far as possible to give an idea of the personality of some of the various artistes I have met, both men and women, without a knowledge of whom it is very difficult to appreciate the world of music as it actually exists.

PART I

The House of Boosey

CHAPTER I

BOOSEY & COMPANY AND THEIR BALLAD CONCERTS

IN 1880 I was just sixteen years of age. My uncle, John Boosey, the director of the publishing department of Boosey & Co., had adopted me, and had me educated at the Charterhouse. Partly, perhaps, on account of his already failing health, he was anxious I should at once embark on a business career. John Boosey had been for many years a conspicuous figure in the music-publishing world. He knew very little about music, but he had a fine taste for literature. He was a man of exceptional ability, and would no doubt have made a big position for himself, no matter what business or profession he had adopted.

It is curious to recall the circumstances which eventually necessitated Messrs. Boosey & Co. giving up their old-established book-publishing business and devoting their time entirely to music publishing.

My great-great-grandfather was a parson. I expect it was from him that I inherited the austere side of my character. My great-grandfather was originally a book publisher. His address was Paternoster Row. In the course of his business he had occasion to import a great quantity of foreign music, particularly operatic music, into this country. It was about this time that Verdi was already becoming famous by the production of his epoch-making

operas, *Il Trovatore* and *La Traviata*, to mention only two among a long series of remarkable successes. Messrs. Boosey were the sole agents for these and other Italian operas, the publishing rights of which they controlled for this country. It was obvious that here was an entirely fresh field for publishing only waiting to be exploited. By degrees, therefore, Boosey & Co. devoted less time and attention to the literary side of their business, and, by the time they settled down in their new home in Holles Street, the whole of their efforts was devoted to the pushing of their by now very remarkable musical catalogue.

Some time, however, after they had established themselves as music publishers, they received a severe check. They had always looked upon themselves as owning the copyright for Great Britain in these various foreign publications. Other music publishers, no doubt jealous of their success, questioned the validity of their title. It was claimed that, under the then existing copyright law, the works were non-copyright. The opera that was made a test case of was Bellini's *Sonnambula* (Jeffrys v. Boosey). The judge's ruling was against Messrs. Boosey & Co. In consequence, Boosey & Co. not only lost a very expensive lawsuit, but all their valuable Continental copyrights into the bargain. John Boosey, who had a considerable knowledge of copyright law, always maintained he thought the position might have been reversed on appeal. I never went sufficiently into the subject to form an opinion.

Meanwhile, it was evident Messrs. Boosey & Co. must build up their catalogue in another direction, and John Boosey lost no time in shaping his musical adventures afresh. He was one of the first, if not the first, English publisher to publish cheap editions of

all the classical pianoforte music, thus bringing it within reach of that public who had not had the opportunity or perhaps money to buy it before.

As a matter of fact, at the time I am writing of, most big music-publishing houses ran a musical library, and any music required of a classical or serious nature could always be obtained through the same. There were many more music-publishing houses in those days than we can find in London to-day. The three leading houses were always Boosey & Co., Chappell & Co., and Novello & Co. Messrs. Augener and Schott represented important foreign catalogues, and other prominent publishing houses were Messrs. Hutchings & Romer; Ashdown; Enoch; Cramer; Francis, Day & Hunter; Joseph Williams, also Robert Cocks.

John Boosey, by way of striking out another new line in publishing, decided to make a feature of British ballads. The concerts were the outcome of a chat between Madame Sainton Dolby and John Boosey. The actual year of the first ballad concert was 1867, but ballad concerts did not concern me until I arrived at Boosey's in 1880. The concerts were given at St. James's Hall.

St. James's Hall was owned by a private company, but a great proportion of the shares were held by the Chappell family. Thomas Patey Chappell, the head of Chappell & Co., was chairman of the company, and his brother, Arthur, for many years directed the Saturday and Monday Popular chamber concerts, which were one of the most conspicuous musical features of the hall. John Boosey, therefore, had to be content with concerts on a Wednesday afternoon or evening, and his concerts obviously were of a completely different character from those run by Chappell's. John Boosey's object

in giving these concerts was to engage the best ballad writers of the day, and also the best English singers obtainable. By this means he obtained almost a monopoly in this class of publication.

It would take far too long to give the names of the various famous artistes, both vocal and instrumental, who appeared at these concerts, but in passing I may mention, among others, Madame Carlotta Patti, Miss Louisa Pyne, Madame Sainton Dolby, Madame Antoinette Sterling, Madame Trebelli, and Madame Patey, who, with Weatherly and Stephen Adams, godfathered "Children of the City."

*Eyes that never saw a meadow,
Hands that never plucked a flower,*

were two of Weatherly's happiest lines. Sims Reeves was, of course, the star turn. Other distinguished artistes were Edward Lloyd, Foli, and Charles Santley. Carlotta Patti had a very beautiful voice and was a great artiste. Unfortunately she was afflicted with lameness, otherwise it was the opinion of a great many critics she might have vied with her sister, Adelina, on the lyric stage.

Sims Reeves, of course, was always an enormous draw - I should say he was the biggest draw as an English artiste, whether for oratorio or popular concerts, that our concert world has ever known. The trouble was you never could tell whether he was going to turn up. An impression on the part of the public was that he did not take sufficient care of himself. This is quite inaccurate. He was a most careful man in his living, and, through the anxiety of his wife, almost too much care was bestowed in endeavouring to shelter him from every possible ill or accident. I remember a very humorous incident

happening on one occasion. Sims Reeves was down in the programme to sing for the first time a new song, words by Longfellow, and I think music by John Francis Barnett. The song had a most unfortunate title. Longfellow's two first lines began as follows:

*Stay, stay at home, to stay at home is best,
Home-keeping hearts are the happiest.*

The moment Sims Reeves endeavoured to impart these absolutely praiseworthy sentiments to the public, a roar of laughter went all round the hall, and he was compelled to come to a dead stop. He looked round in amazement, and could not think what had made people laugh. However, he was the idol of the public, so they very speedily settled themselves down and allowed him to tell them all about the beauty and comfort of staying at home. While on the subject of Sims Reeves, I may note that Tennyson's poems were just becoming famous. Soon after the publication of his "Maud," John Boosey sent the poem "Come into the Garden, Maud" up to Balfe and asked him if he would set it as a tenor song for Sims Reeves. Needless to say, Balfe's inspiration was a most happy one. Sims Reeves made a big hit in the song, and it is still a classic ballad to-day. Of course this all happened long before my time.

Another great favourite was Madame Antoinette Sterling. Her musical education had probably been very sketchy, but she had a gorgeous voice, and in songs like Arthur Sullivan's "Lost Chord," the Scotch song "Caller Herrin'," and "The Better Land," by F. H. Cowen, she used to bring down the house. Molloy and F. E. Weatherly's little gem of a song, "Darby and Joan" was another great favourite. If in a hundred years' time the whole world has not

flown itself to death or motored itself to death – in fact, is not a sheer tangled wreck, owing to the mania for speed – some dear old gentlemen with a love for antiquities and folk songs will unearth such a ballad as “Darby and Joan” and discuss the marvellous beauties of the folk songs of a generation ago.

Handsome Michael Maybrick, as is well known, composed songs under the *nom de plume* of Stephen Adams. He was particularly happy in the songs he wrote for Edward Lloyd. “The Blue Alsatian Mountains,” “The Maid of the Mill,” “The Star of Bethlehem,” and “The Holy City” are among the many hits Edward Lloyd helped him to. “The Holy City” sold by millions of copies in America. This class of song was often, and I believe still is, sung in the American churches. We must not forget also Stephen Adams’ famous song “Nancy Lee.” When Maybrick first brought it to John Boosey, it had sentimental words. John Boosey said it must be a sea song, and he was right. Some of us possibly can still remember a very droll sketch by Du Maurier in *Punch*, depicting an evening party at which ten young baritones turned up, each armed with a copy of “Nancy Lee.” This, of course, was long before the vogue for community singing. Maybrick used to tell a very funny story against himself. He and Molloy had been dining with John Boosey a little way out of town. They talked so much that they lost every means of conveyance home and had to walk. Molloy mixed very little in the musical world, so there is some excuse for what followed. Maybrick had been singing at John Boosey’s, and Molloy said to him half way up to Town: “You have got a splendid voice, Maybrick; what a pity you waste it on those rubbishy songs of Stephen Adams!” Both gentlemen reached Town safely, so presumably no

blood was shed. After the sad tragedy of his brother's death, Maybrick's appearances on the concert platform were few and far between.

Molloy was a great raconteur. It was he who told me the delightful tale of two bachelor friends who never had a secret from each other. Suddenly one man, to the great surprise of his friend, got married. He asked his friend down to meet his wife. After dinner his wife retired into the drawing-room, and the married man said to his friend across the table: "Tell me, what do you think of my wife?" "Well," said his friend, "I don't like her!" "Neither do I," said the married man.

Another interesting remembrance was the way in which Theo Marzials was discovered. He had published his charming little ballad, "Twickenham Ferry," on his own account at Messrs. Weekes in Hanover Square. Randegger brought Marzials' song and, last but not least, the new Welsh soprano, Mary Davies, to John Boosey. He at once recognised the charm of the composer, who often wrote his own words, and the possibilities of the new soprano. Mary Davies was engaged for the ballad concerts, and particularly in Marzials' ballads became one of the principal attractions. She had a keen sense of humour, also a very refined and beautiful style in serious work. Her rendering of "Rose Softly Blooming" and Mendelssohn's "Hear My Prayer" were perfection.

Diplomacy is a valuable quality in publishing, as in most other walks of life. On one occasion when I was away from Boosey's, Marzials sent up a manuscript, "Never to Know." On my return, John Boosey said: "That manuscript of Marzials is no good; send it back." I looked at it and liked it, but I did not say so. I used to casually play it at home. One morning, John Boosey said: "What is that you are playing?" "Never to Know," I replied. "Have you sent it

back?" he enquired. "No," I said, "I have been too busy." "Keep it," he said; "it will be a success." And it was.

Marzials used to pretend his nationality was obscure, as he was born in the train somewhere between Paris and Brussels. I believe he was distantly related to the Brontës.

It is curious how, if a composer once loses touch with his public, he never regains it, even if he recommences to write as well as ever. Authors probably suffer from the same experience. Marzials' royalties on the sale of his songs dwindled by degrees almost to nothing. His last letter acknowledging a small cheque was quite in his old vein: "Thanks for your cheque," he wrote, "it won't make me much richer nor you much poorer, thank God."

Charles Santley was another favourite who had a wonderful sense of humour. "The Vicar of Bray," "Simon the Cellarer," and "The Curate's Song" by Gilbert and Sullivan were among his big successes. No one ever sang Hatton's famous song "To Anthea" as he sang it. "To Anthea" is probably the most inspired English love lyric, both in respect to its words and its music, that exists in the concert world of England to-day. It is curious to note how Hatton's songs now seem to be quite forgotten. "The Wreck of the Hesperus" is another fine ballad of his, which Santley used to make a big success with. It is hardly ever heard now.

Jack Foli was originally discovered, I believe, by his wife, in California. He was engaged upon the roughest work, but she heard him singing and brought him over to Europe to be educated. He was a real good-hearted fellow. I remember an occasion when Vert, the then celebrated agent, had run a tour in the provinces, for which Foli had been engaged.

Foli knew that the tour had been very unsuccessful, but he did not learn it through Vert. When Vert handed him his cheque for the tour, he tore it up and threw it on the fire. I am reminded of another musician who twice did the same thing in connection with myself. On two separate occasions I had bought a light opera of Howard Talbot's (he will be remembered as the composer of *The Chinese Honeymoon*). Both these other operas, however, were total failures, and in both instances he tore up the cheque we had sent him and refused to accept a penny. Poor fellow, his real great stage success was *The Arcadians*, written in collaboration with Lionel Monckton. We must not forget, though, that his *Chinese Honeymoon* ran for one thousand nights at the Strand Theatre.

It is all important to find the right new song for the right new singer. It is not so easy to make a success as a newcomer at a ballad concert, and principally for the reason that you only have ~~three or~~ four minutes on the platform, ~~during which~~ time you have got to get hold of your audience. Of course, some newcomers are lucky enough to have a new song in readiness for their first appearance which is absolutely adapted to their style.

In this connection I am reminded of the occasion when Alfred Scott-Gatty brought Plunket Greene to me. Plunket Greene introduced the famous ballad "Off to Philadelphia," and of course made an extraordinary success immediately. We must not forget, also, that Plunket Greene is the author of a delightful book on dry-fly fishing and its surroundings. It is entitled *Where Bright Waters Meet*.

Some new singers do not come to a concert already equipped, and in their case it is a question of taking a lot of time and trouble to find a number

that really suits them. I had great difficulty in finding a song for Muriel Foster. Her style was almost too severe for an ordinary ballad concert. Another artiste who wanted careful nursing was Susanne Adams. Neither of these artistes could claim they were handicapped by a poverty in good looks. Anyhow, they were both happily placed at the finish.

Kennerley Rumford's first success at the ballad concerts was made in a burlesque version of "Long Ago in Alcala," from Messenger's *Mirette*. He followed this up with Maude White's "Three Little Songs."

I used to find ballad concerts handicapped by it being necessary so very frequently to repeat the same songs and solos over and over again. I occasionally introduced a totally different element into my programmes. On one occasion, Violet Cameron sang Tosti's "Good-bye." Edna May also sang a ballad. The concert artistes, I am afraid, were scandalised. On another occasion a noted prima donna wrote me a most indignant letter, because a brilliant light-opera artiste appeared in the same programme as herself! I wrote and said I regretted her distress, but that at all events the light-opera artiste sang absolutely in tune. I heard no more.

Among the humorous incidents of the old ballad concerts I notice that an unfortunate baritone, by name Alfred Moore, apparently always sang the last item on the programme, and, by a cruel shaft of satire, almost always seemed to sing the song with the, under the painful circumstances, distressing title of "Fly Not Yet." Imagine the unhappy public, after three solid hours of ballad singing, being requested by the last artiste on the programme to "Fly Not Yet." I have no doubt a large number of them did fly before he sounded his imploring note.

CHAPTER II

ROYALTIES TO COMPOSERS AND SINGERS

ONE of the greatest difficulties in the early days of music publishing was to know how adequately and fairly to pay a composer for his successes and to mitigate one's loss in the event of a failure. Many instances occurred of the purchase of valuable copyrights, particularly operas, at the price of a mere song, the which works often resulted in a very big profit to the publisher. On the other hand, the publisher would pay a heavy price for subsequent works the purchase of which would result in a dead loss. These results were obviously unsatisfactory both to composer and publisher.

Two of the most noteworthy instances on record were in connection with two of the most popular operas ever written. The whole of the publishing rights in Gounod's *Faust* were acquired by Messrs. Chappell for a sum round about £100. It is true that *Faust* was not a pronounced success at its first production in Paris. It was Henry Chorley, the well-known critic and librettist, who always insisted that *Faust* was bound to become a big favourite with the public. Thomas Chappell had immense difficulty in securing its production in London. Would-be critics insisted there was only one striking melody, "The Soldiers' Chorus," in it. Thomas Chappell happened to know it was the late Queen Alexandra's favourite opera, and it was only his tact and insistence on this

point that enabled him to place the opera with the two rival London opera managers of the day, Gye and Mapleson.

Gounod's next opera was *Mireille*. John Boosey paid £1,000 for it. The music was delightful, the libretto impossible. The purchase was a melancholy one for Boosey & Co.

The other instance was Lecocq's *La Fille de Madame Angot*. Messrs. Boosey & Co. paid round about £100 for the whole of the publishing rights in this opera. It was, of course, a gold-mine. Lecocq's next opera was entitled *Pompon*, named after the curious little knob that some French infantry regiments wore upon their casquettes. One thousand pounds was paid by Boosey's for this opera, and the opera was absolutely stillborn.

If I remember rightly, *Madame Angot*, a classic in light opera if there ever was one, was refused in Paris, and was ultimately first produced in Brussels. I believe that *Les Cloches de Corneville*, by Planquette, had a similar experience. The most experienced of theatre managers may make mistakes. Bizet's immortal opera *Carmen* was quite a failure upon its first production in Paris. *The Merry Widow*, Lehar's masterpiece, had a peculiar send off. It was produced by the Direction of the Theater an der Wien as a stopgap. The management had no belief in it. The Press was less than lukewarm. But the public took to the opera immediately.

I remember Lowenfeld standing up in the dress circle of the Prince of Wales' Theatre after the dress rehearsal of Audran's *La Poupée*, and saying he would sell the whole production, lock, stock, and barrel, for £500. Not that Lowenfeld was a manager of experience. Perhaps for this reason he loved to have a little argument with his public on a first

night. Another production of his certainly did not please his first-night audience. He asked his audience what was the matter with it. A wag in the gallery replied it was "made in Germany."

I must confess I most strongly deprecate any speeches from the stage on a first night. The custom is constantly abused. It only panders to an hysterical element in the gallery. One cannot be surprised if one occasionally hears a voice from upstairs calling out: "This is very slow, I am going home!"

Talking of opera composers, it seems pathetic to think what enormous sums would have been netted by composers such as Balfe and Wallace, had they not lived, in a sense, so long before the time when they might have come into their own.

New ballads were often in the same predicament as new operas, so at last John Boosey, profiting by experience, decided that the only fair course was to pay composers a royalty upon all copies of their works sold, something like ten per cent. on the marked price of the copies. This was indeed a revolution, but a well deserved one. In due course, composers of position decided they would like to have a sum down on account of their royalties, and I certainly do not blame them. As soon as one publisher initiated the royalty system, the other publishers were naturally compelled to follow suit.

The royalty system is practically unknown among French publishers. They generally pay the composer a lump sum for so many performances of an opera. They pay for each separate performance. The French publishers also control the material, that is to say the band parts, etc. These are only hired out to the theatre manager. Choudens, the well-known French publishers, must have made a fortune out of the hiring of the material of *Faust* and *Carmen*.

These two operas, and many more published by Choudens, still bring in a handsome revenue. Heugel, of Paris, is also equally well placed, he being the publisher of practically all Massenet's works, in addition to many other operas, which help to make up the standard repertoire in France.

French publishers are not always too generous to their composers. For some strange reason they have always refused to make them any payment upon the sale of discs of their compositions in connection with mechanical music.

In this connection I was immensely struck by the hardship experienced by a little Italian composer, Silesu, with a composition entitled "Un Peu d'Amour." His French publisher purchased all his rights for all countries for £5. The French publisher offered it to Chappell's on a royalty basis, 3*d.* a copy, I believe, on all copies sold. It sold by thousands. It was after this that I discovered the position of the composer. I was so shocked – imagine a publisher being shocked – that I gave him a voluntary royalty – 2*d.* a copy, as far as I remember – on all further copies of the little work sold in Great Britain and America. I am glad to think that the poor little composer even then received some hundreds of pounds on the further sales of his composition.

In the old days the leading singers also received a royalty for a term of years upon all new songs introduced by them. Antoinette Sterling, for instance, would have a royalty on "The Lost Chord" of Sullivan's, "The Better Land" of Cowen's, "Darby and Joan" and "Love's Old Sweet Song," both by Molloy. These are merely a few among her many successes. There was a special reason for giving the leading singers royalties, because if a leading

soprano, contralto, tenor, or baritone introduced a new song at the ballad concerts, all the smaller singers, according to their voices, would take up the ballads made popular by the star artistes. After a while, however, a certain W. M. Hutchinson appeared on the horizon, and he saw at once, being publisher and composer, that he could never get his songs advertised through concerts under the big ballad concert system. He therefore approached all the smaller singers, and paid them so much a time for so many concerts, provided they sang one of the songs that he was pushing. The type of song that Hutchinson wrote and published was much of the same type that Lawrence Wright has made so popular to-day. It is a class of song that appeals to quite a different public than the ordinary musical public, who are specially catered for by the big publishers.

I was the first of the leading publishers to understand immediately that this new system was going to deal a severe blow to our old system, so, although we still paid the big singers royalties, I set to work at once subsidising the small singers in the same way that Hutchinson did. Hutchinson often used to say to me that art and he were strangers. I never disputed the fact with him. But he was certainly a very astute business man.

I believe Dame Clara Butt is almost the only one, other than the artistes who preceded her, one might almost say by a generation, whose marvellous voice and strong personality compelled publishers to pay her a royalty in the same way that royalties were paid to singers so many years previously.

It seems a strange thing, seeing that in these days women can almost always do everything that a man can do – and can very often do it better – that in

the realm of musical composition, although they have been extraordinarily successful as song writers and writers of dance music, they have practically never produced an opera or big musical work that has held the stage or concert platform. I approach this subject with extreme trepidation, because I feel somehow that Dame Ethel Smyth's penetrating eye is focused upon me. I can almost hear her saying: "What about me?" Granted she has gone much further than most women; but, as a rule, success has only come to the women who have written popular songs.

Before I arrived at Boosey's, Claribel's songs, although entirely unpretentious, were a household word. So were Virginia Gebriel's. They must have had a charm, as is witnessed by the big public they commanded. Madame Sainton Dolby, in addition to singing, used also to write ballads.

Coming to a later date, we of course have the popular songs of Amy Woodforde-Finden. Her "Indian Love Lyrics" have had an enormous sale both here and in America. Liza Lehmann also had frequent successes. Some of her concerted vocal numbers in narrative form made an instant appeal. She was very happy with some of her settings of Lewis Carroll and other authors with rather a similar sense of humour. Her "Persian Garden" of course was a big success. I blush to say I refused it.

Prominent also among English women writers is Maude Valerie White. There is, at times, something intensely virile about her music, and, in addition to being an admirable musician, she has an unfailing command of dramatic melody. She has been writing an opera for some years, but it has not yet matured.

When I first came to Boosey & Co.'s, women

composers, and certainly new women composers, had ceased to be plentiful. I came across Florence Aylward through a chance MS. sent through the post. One very rarely picks up anything worth having submitted in this way. I gave Florence Aylward the words of "Beloved, It is Morn" to set, and it was her big success.

Another woman composer who had a very big vogue was Hope Temple. She did not need discovering, she was one of the most beautiful girls in London. I found the words of "An Old Garden" and sent them to her. It is very useful if you can hit upon words which you think are adapted to a particular composer, and make good with them. Hope Temple was very ambitious, and insisted on going to Paris to study music seriously. It very frequently happens that under these circumstances a composer loses his or her natural gift of simplicity and melody. She commenced her musical studies under André Wormser, the composer of the delightful *L'Enfant Prodigue*. Sir Landon Ronald's brilliant rendering of the music of this play at the piano will not easily be forgotten by music lovers. Hope Temple subsequently studied under André Messager, and, eventually having married him, probably came to the conclusion she had studied him or with him sufficiently. I shall never forget my surprise at a musical at-home given by the Messagers in Paris. Reynaldo Hahn sat down at the piano and sang, in English, Hope Temple's "Colin Deep." The words were written by myself.

Madame d'Hardelot for many years had a whole string of successes. Many Continental artistes of the first rank have made a feature of her songs, and naturally this sympathetic assistance has helped very much to establish her reputation. One of the

most popular of her songs, "Because," was published by Chappell & Co.

Another woman composer who has had very big hits is Teresa del Riego. "O Dry those Tears" had an immense sale here and in America. It only had one verse when she brought it to me, but I explained to her how easily she could add a second verse, without which the song would have been too short and slight to introduce at concerts. The song "Homing," introduced by Madame d'Alvarez, was another of her big successes.

The fact remains that women, except in the lighter forms of music, have not been conspicuously successful. I am not overlooking Chaminade, with her delicate art and charm.

Women's limitations are equally marked in the realms of poetry. An exception must be made, however, in connection with Elizabeth Barrett Browning's "Portuguese Sonnets," surely among the most beautiful love-sonnets in our language.

CHAPTER III

EARLY LAWSUITS

My experience of copyright lawsuits was not so varied at Boosey's as it was destined to become later on at Chappell's. Not that John Boosey was a pacifist. He loved a fight over a copyright. And his most devastating campaign was in connection with Villiers Stanford. He had read in various newspapers that Stanford was the coming English composer. John Boosey delighted to back up the coming man, a very spirited and correct frame of mind. Stanford certainly came, but in not quite the fashion that John Boosey contemplated.

One of my first publishing experiences abroad was shortly after I came down from Charterhouse. John Boosey read in the Press that Stanford's first opera, *The Veiled Prophet*, had made a big success in Hanover. I was promptly packed off to Hanover to report upon it. I was so young that my elder cousin, C. T. Boosey, was sent over with me to chaperone me. When we arrived at Hanover, we found there would be no further performances of the opera for a week. If I remember rightly, the baritone had been dining out somewhat frequently. Well, we made the best of the situation. The same afternoon we visited the Hanover Zoological Gardens. There we met several English boys who were over in Hanover to be crammed in French and German. Among them was Charles Monckton, a younger brother of Lionel

Monckton, also at Charterhouse, who was destined to be later on one of my most popular Chappell composers. Charles Monckton and I shared the distinction of sitting at the bottom of the classical form during the first term we were at Charterhouse. Masters at classical schools such as Charterhouse do not recognise any claim to intelligence on the part of their scholars except through the medium of Latin or Greek. Monckton during a short stay in Hanover had perfected himself in French and German. My classical education being very deficient, my form master, Romanis, a delightful man otherwise, satisfied himself I was equally foolish in other educational directions. We read Shakespeare once a month. One afternoon, when we were reading *Julius Cæsar*, Romanis suddenly asked me: "Boosey, what is the meaning of the line: 'Shall Brutus bootless kneel?'" I simply longed to say: "Without his boots, sir," but, being at that time young and timid, I gave him the correct answer. Later in the afternoon he asked the form what was the difference between the speeches of Mark Antony and Brutus. The classical scholars did not know. It was an easy question. I said: "Mark Antony appealed to their passions, Brutus to their reason." "Come up top, Boosey," he said. Once there, however, and classical authors being restarted, I rapidly made my way down to the bottom of the form again. I was really rather glad, because Monckton honestly seemed to have missed me, and was genuinely glad to have me back again. When the examinations came on at the end of the term, I obtained 98 points out of a possible 100 for the Shakespeare paper. I think Brutus's boots must have pulled me through. I merely mention this little incident to draw attention to some of the peculiarities of a classical education.

Another humorous incident occurred at the same time. I must note it before I forget it. I sent a little poem to the *Carthusian*, the school paper. The editor replied to me through the agony column: "Poeta nascitur non fit." Even my scanty knowledge of Latin enabled me to perceive that the editor thought none too well of me. Nothing daunted, I sent the poem to the *Weekly Graphic*, then edited by Arthur Locker, the father of poor Locker who died the other day. A few days later a little rosy-faced boy with black curly hair who was at Gown Boys introduced himself to me, and said his father had written to him to ask if I was one of the masters or one of the boys. I should add that the *Graphic* sent me a very pleasant little honorarium for my poem, the proceeds of which I rapidly conveyed to the school tuck-shop.

Upon the night of Forbes-Robertson's representation of *Hamlet* at Drury Lane, his definite retirement from the stage, some twenty old Carthusians, among whom, for some obscure reason, I was present, gave him a little supper at the Carlton Hotel. On looking through the list of those present, I noticed the name of my little friend Locker. I found a big man with a black beard, but with the same kindly face that graced him years before. He introduced himself to me, said he easily recognised me again, and we had a chat over old days. He himself, as we all know, made a big position for himself in the journalistic world.

To get back to music. I should add here that the kindly German baritone had a second round of dinners, in consequence of which we stayed another week in Hanover. I am not sure Boosey's did not suspect us of taking the baritone out!

This is all a digression, you will say, and has

nothing to do with lawsuits. I admit it. But I warned you. Now to return to the dusty atmosphere of the Law Courts.

Well, John Boosey asked what I thought of *The Veiled Prophet*. I said it was a very effective opera, but I did not see commercial possibilities in it. There was one beautiful old Irish air in it, "Bendemeer's Stream," delightfully handled by Stanford. John Boosey said that if the opera was effective on the stage, he was satisfied and would buy it. He did not seem to take into account the fact that the central figure, the Prophet, had to appear all through the evening heavily veiled. So John Boosey went ahead. He bought for a big sum *Savonarola*, Stanford's next opera, and subsequently gave Gilbert à Becket and Stanford a commission to write a third opera, *The Canterbury Pilgrims*. This work was produced by Carl Rosa at Drury Lane Theatre.

So far John Boosey had not heard a note of Stanford's operas on the stage. He and I had the stage box for the first performance of *The Canterbury Pilgrims* at Drury Lane. In due course we listened to the overture. John Boosey looked at me, I thought, rather wistfully. "A little like Mozart," he said. "Yes, a little," I replied, by way of cheering him up. Well, I was never quite sure if it was Mozart or Stanford who disappointed him. But he left the box quite early, and did not appear again. Subsequently, Stanford called on me at Boosey's, and said I should be glad to hear that Frank was giving a series of opera performances at Drury Lane in German, and was going to produce *Savonarola*. I said I was very glad to hear it; but that, of course, as he had already received £500 when the opera was produced in Germany, he would not expect a second payment of £500, which was due upon the first production of

the work in London. Stanford said he certainly did expect the second £500. This was the subject of the lawsuit. John Boosey had rather thoughtlessly made the contract for the second payment to turn upon the production of the opera in London and not in English. A season of German opera had never been given in London before, hence John Boosey's mistake. Upon this point he fought the action, and I think quite justifiably lost it. I said to John Boosey, however: "You have bought, at Stanford's request, the performing rights in the book. If Frank wishes to produce the opera, you are entitled to demand a sum for the performance of the libretto." This perfectly fair demand was met by a refusal. The judge's ruling was that the opera was of no use to Stanford unless he controlled the libretto, which we had paid for. I have always maintained that, had this decision been taken to the Court of Appeal, we had every chance of upsetting it. John Boosey, however, was so weary of the money spent, and the worry of it all, that he decided not to appeal, and that was the end of my first serious lawsuit.

The second lawsuit was of a lighter character. A country manager called on me one day and said he wanted to give a revival of Offenbach's *Brigands* in the provinces. John Boosey had acquired the copyright of practically all Offenbach's operas, *The Grand Duchess*, *Trebizand*, and many others. I told the manager we were quite prepared to license the *Brigands*, and that it had the inestimable advantage of an English adaptation by the great W. S. Gilbert. The contract was accordingly practically settled. Meanwhile, I thought it would be very unfair to Gilbert to produce a juvenile work of his after he had justly acquired such a great reputation, so, although we had bought all rights in his libretto, I wrote to

him explaining all the circumstances, and said if he would revise his work, we would tear up the old agreement and make any terms with him for the new version that were fair and reasonable. Mr. Gilbert's reply was characteristic:

"DEAR SIR" (he wrote me),—"You know perfectly well my version of the *Brigands* was never intended for stage representation; it was only a hack translation for copyright purposes, and I shall always retain a vivid sense of your discourtesy in not consulting me in connection with your proposal to revive the work."

Obviously I had nothing to reply to this. Let the good work proceed, said I. Incidentally, Mr. W. S. Gilbert's statement was incorrect. No doubt he had forgotten. His version of the *Brigands* had been produced for a run in the provinces some time previously. I was able to produce the programmes of these performances. Mr. Gilbert's next move was to apply for an injunction to restrain us from producing his version of the opera.

The application came before Mr. Justice Denman late in the afternoon after a heavy day. I was very dissatisfied with the way our case was presented by a well-known Q.C. of his day. By the merest accident Mr. Justice Denman said that the argument was very complicated, and that he would take the case the first thing in the morning. That delay just saved us. I said to our solicitors, upon the adjournment, that I could not permit the Q.C. to take our case into court the following morning. My solicitors were dumbfounded. "What are we to do?" they said. "Such a situation has never arisen before." "I am sorry," I said, "but it has arisen now. It is vital I

win this action. I wish the junior to take the case into court." I insisted, and the necessary steps were taken. The following morning, when we went down to the Law Courts, a telegram awaited us from John Boosey, who was very ill at the time. He said we must settle with Gilbert at all costs. "What are we to do?" said our solicitors. "All the expense has been incurred," I said. "We will adopt John Boosey's advice when the case has been heard." So we went ahead, and we won hands down. John Boosey was duly grateful. And, strange to say, the Q.C. was sweetly amiable, and on a later occasion in the Law Courts he invited me to tea with him. Needless to say, I did not go, although I thanked him in my best diplomatic manner.

Awkward situations often arise between counsel and clients in the Law Courts. Some years later, when I was fighting a desperate battle against the music pirates in connection with copyright, our counsel, who was a most gifted and brilliant man, was not able to turn up in court on the most vital day of our argument. He sent a demand for £40 as his refresher, although he was not there. I refused to pay. "You can never engage him again if you don't pay," said my solicitors. "I am terribly sorry," I said, "but I won't pay"; and I didn't. There are certain traditions in the Law Courts which it is very difficult for a layman to understand. This was one of them.

To return to Gilbert. Only recently I turned up a very charming letter from Sir Arthur Sullivan asking if he could not mediate between us. I explained how hopelessly impossible it was. Gilbert, having lost his action, wrote to *The Times* saying it was very unfair that Keen and Colman could protect their mustards and that he could not protect his literary

property. I replied to *The Times* that the only alteration I had made in his work was to cut out one lyric. I asked them to print it, since he apparently attached so much importance to it. This they did. It really was a very bad, let us say sad, lyric. Gilbert replied that, his work being a translation, he could not be responsible for the gymnastics of the French authors, Meilhac and Halévy. I am compelled to tell this story as it happened. But I am equally compelled to add, being in no hope of favours to come, that no one has a greater admiration of Gilbert's talent as a master of the art of writing lyrics than I have myself. Thus ended my second important experience of copyright legislation and the Law Courts.



FRIEDA HEMPEL
THE PRIMA DONNA AND A FRIEND OF HERS

GRAND OPERA AND SOME PRIMA DONNAS

I REMEMBER being present one day on the stage at Drury Lane when Gus Harris was producing a new melodrama. I forget for the moment the name of the play, but it was the one that introduced the Defence of Rorke's Drift. I suddenly noticed Gus conducting round the stage, with great cordiality, a newcomer who was unknown to me. He was invited to inspect the Maxim guns and all the other stage properties that were to give an air of reality to the mock combat that was to follow. On enquiry I found that the newcomer was Harry Higgins. Higgins, with Lady de Grey and other Society leaders, was organising a syndicate that, under Harris' directorship, was to revive grand opera in all its former splendour at one or the other of the national theatres, Covent Garden or Drury Lane. If I remember rightly, Gus Harris for a short time ran grand opera at both these theatres simultaneously. It was the introduction to the British public of those great artistes, Jean and Edouard de Reszke and Plançon. Also – although ladies should be mentioned first – of Melba, Madame Emma Eames, Calvé, and others. I am only mentioning a few prominent names.

For some seasons, Harris, with Higgins' support, kept this venture going by means of subscriptions from all the most prominent members of Society.

It was the first serious attempt, since the rivalry in the old days between Gye and Mapleson, to present grand opera in London upon a grand scale.

We must remember that grand opera has never received any Government support or subsidy in this country. Grand opera could not exist in any of the leading capitals of Europe without liberal State aid.

The latest suggestion of a subsidy from the State, of £17,500 per annum, for the stabilisation of grand opera in this country is, of course, an extremely humorous one!

Higgins was at one time a Guardsman, and was eventually a very prominent solicitor. He had a pronounced sense of humour. On one occasion a prima donna from abroad was asking him very high terms for an appearance. Higgins, in the whisper of a voice which he was compelled to make use of, murmured in her ear: "We are only asking you to sing, you know!"

When the Harris-Higgins combination faded away, other brilliant seasons were given at Covent Garden, many of them too recent to make it necessary for me to give details of them. But their existence is generally limited to only twelve weeks in the year. Opera on this scale has never been possible for a longer term, and it remains very much a fashion of Society, a hot-house plant. There has never been a sufficiently large public in London to support opera for any longer space of time. Of course, the expenses were and are enormous, as also are those of orchestral concerts generally.

Talking of grand opera brings my memory back to poor Goring Thomas. He never contrived to have either of his operas *Nadeshda* or *Esmeralda* produced during the grand opera season. They were produced by Carl Rosa.

No amount of experience can guarantee you against not occasionally missing a composer who is destined to become popular. On the other hand, some composers, through no apparent fault of theirs, never attain the popularity their works entitle them to. There may be causes and accidents beyond their control.

Goring Thomas had a most refined and delightful gift in composition. He had studied mostly in Paris, and the school that influenced him was obviously the French school of Massenet and his followers. Naturally, he was not content to be merely a writer of poetical imaginative songs, although they did, and rightly, attain a wide popularity. I have only to cite "A Summer Night" and "Time's Garden" among the most prominent of them.

His whole thoughts were centred upon a success in opera. Both his grand operas produced in London only had a *succès d'estime*, and I think it broke his heart. His first opera, *Esmeralda*, founded upon *Notre Dame* of Victor Hugo, contained some delightful music and a great deal of real poetry, the libretto being by Theo Marzials. Georgina Burns, Barton McGuckin, my old friend Ben Davies, and Leslie Crotty were all in the caste. *Nadeshda*, in which that very charming woman and admirable actress, Madame Valleria, appeared, was even less successful than *Esmeralda*.

It is true that this British soil is an arid soil for the cultivation of grand opera in any case.

A short while before his last illness I offered Goring Thomas, on behalf of Boosey & Co., a settled income for three years, leaving it entirely to him to devote himself to any form of composition he pleased. Whilst very grateful for the offer, he said he could not accept it. He would feel tied.

He was one of the most delightful and gentle of men, the essence of courtesy and consideration for all he met. He could not have had an enemy in the world. He always reminded me in type of another old friend of mine now dead, Sir Frank Dicksee. In their separate arts they were equally first of all in search of beauty, and the enemies of the affectations that so often pass for art in this present day.

Prima donnas of distinction are always in one sense or another interesting personalities. I remember the late Dame Melba once telling me that I had no conception of the enormous power and influence which a great prima donna exercised both in the political, social, and financial world. I said I quite appreciated that the position must be a very commanding one.

One of the most remarkable instances of the advent to fame in the case of a prima donna, in my opinion, came with the first appearance in this country of Madame Tetrazzini. She had sung for some years in South America and in the Western States with considerable success. I think I am right, however, in saying that her first big European success was made in England some years ago at Covent Garden. The critics suddenly discovered that she was another Patti, and such was the force of public and musical opinion in this country that Tetrazzini from that time forth did occupy the position of a big prima donna, and, with it, all the commanding influence that Melba stated to me appertained to the distinction.

I can still just remember Madame Patti and Madame Christine Nilsson. I remember as a small boy asking Josiah Pitman, at that time a well-known factotum at Covent Garden, if he could let me have two tickets to hear Patti at the opera. His

reply was very significant. "My dear boy," he said, "I cannot oblige you. You do not seem to realise that Patti's notes are banknotes!" The last time I heard Christine Neilson sing was at a concert at the Albert Hall. I remember she walked up and down the platform the whole time she was singing. It seemed to give her more freedom.

I remember on one occasion a prima donna being furious because she had paid for thirty bouquets to be handed to her over the footlights upon a very important first night of a new opera, and only twenty-eight bouquets turned up!

Upon another occasion a very famous prima donna arrived late for a rehearsal. The musical conductor, also a very great man, was an autocrat. "You are late, madame," he said. "Late," she replied; "you forget I am a star." I suppose she imagined it was the privilege of stars to be only visible at a very late hour. The conductor replied, witheringly, "Madame, the only stars I recognise are those that are in heaven!" Many curious incidents followed upon this first meeting.

Miss Mary Garden was another very interesting personality. When I first met her she was possessed with a desire to assume more liberal proportions physically. Evidently she shares the opinions of the witty Frenchman who stated that there were three sexes: "*L'homme, la femme, et la femme maigre!*" In our day *la femme maigre* has been taking precedence of *la femme*. I am all for *la femme*. It is so long since I last met Mary that I am unaware if she attained her ambition in this direction. She has certainly attained it in other directions. In America she is more than a prima donna, she is a director of prima donnas and grand opera. She of course was always an enormous favourite in Paris. It was not on

account of the quality of her voice, but because of the artistry of her singing. In Paris they attach far more importance to this quality than to the sheer quality of the voice itself. It speaks much for their artistic perceptions. I remember hearing Mary Garden in *Manon* of Massenet's at Brussels. I have never forgotten the impression she gave me of being a very great comedienne.

I remember Tom Chappell once telling me that in the old days, before my time, when Madame Grisi, Mario, and Ronconi were enormously popular, they had the greatest dislike of appearing at private musical at-homes. I believe all three of them, by way of putting a prohibitive price upon these engagements, refused to appear at any of them for a sum of less than £30 each for the evening. How these conditions make us smile when we remember the enormous sums that musical stars to-day command when asked to appear at Society functions.

Madame Calvé, of course, I know very well. She is delightful company.

I also just remember hearing Madame Gallet Marie at His Majesty's Theatre many years ago in *Carmen*. She was the original creator of Carmen in Paris. Naturally, her physical equipment when I heard her was gravely impaired, but one could well understand how it was she made such a big success in this amazing rôle.

Destinn had a gorgeous voice, and was superb in rôles like Madame Butterfly, although she was not physically suited to the part.

As far as I can remember, the last concert I ever gave at the Queen's Hall was a recital for Frieda Hempel, unrivalled in her rendering of Mozart operas.

Madame Nordica was another very beautiful

prima donna. Her husband went up one day in a balloon and never came down again. I am perfectly certain it was not because he had any wish to run away from her.

I must not forget that delightful prima donna, Jeritza, whom I met on one of my return visits from America. She used to play a great deal of chess with her husband, and it seemed to me she generally contrived to win. I came to the conclusion eventually, however, that it was perhaps just the natural chivalry of our sex – we being always prepared to make any sacrifice so long as we can add to the happiness and content of a pretty and charming woman – that permitted of these victories.

CHAPTER V

OPERETTAS AND LIGHT OPERAS

IN my early days at Boosey's one of the most successful composers of operettas was Edmond Audran. Audran's operetta *Olivette*, which was a failure in Paris, had been produced in London with an adaptation by H. B. Farnie, and in it Florence St. John made one of her early successes. H. B. Farnie had the gift of turning many French operettas that were comparative failures in Paris into London successes. Audran's next success, published by Boosey & Co., was the famous *La Mascotte*. This piece ran for one thousand nights in Paris, an extraordinary run in the French theatrical world. The American *Rose Marie* has recently had the same experience. The libretto of *La Mascotte* handicapped its chance of success in London; the subject was considered rather *risqué*, but it came through all right. We were particular in those days. The Comedy Theatre, in Panton Street, had just been built, and Alexander Henderson opened it with this production. Violet Cameron, who was at that time the prima donna, made a great personal success. I remember that after the first night of the piece the first theatrical supper-party I ever attended was one given by Alexander Henderson, the then producer of all the light opera successes in London. There were many charming women present, including Violet Cameron, Florence St. John, and the unapproachably lovely Kitty Munroe, one of



THE AUTHOR, EXCHANGING A WORD WITH
MARY GARDEN ON THE FIELD OF WATERLOO

the sweetest and prettiest women that ever graced the London light opera stage. There were also a great many men of distinction at the supper-party, an altogether different class of man to the men who frequented similar supper-parties under the new régimes which succeeded that of Henderson. Henderson was a man of very superior manners, very good-looking, and something of a sportsman also. He was a good whip, and drove a coach and four. H. Brougham Farnie, his lieutenant, who was responsible on the stage for all his productions, was an extraordinary type. He had an intensely plebeian appearance, but at heart was an absolute aristocrat and Tory. It was he who dictated to Alexander Henderson which French light operas it was necessary to produce.

Lecocq I only met once. I met him at the finish of his career. I went to Brussels to see the first night of his piece *Ali Baba*, which had a very good Press, but was a hopeless failure.

These were the days, also, when Planquette, Serpette, and others were writing. Serpette, a very cultivated composer and good musician, spoke a little English and delighted in trying to make jokes in English. On one occasion he turned up to see me one Sunday morning, and with a pathetic voice said: "What a funny country! I could not get a shave this morning. Everybody say, 'God shave the Queen,' and nobody shave poor Serpette."

Lacome also at this period was still writing operettas. I happened to see in *The Times* a notice of a new piece of his entitled *Ma Mie Rosette*. I went over to Paris to have a look at it, and was charmed with the story and even more so with the music. I bought all the rights for Messrs. Boosey, and with a separate company I produced the opera at the old Globe

Theatre. We had a wonderful cast. First of all, that remarkable artiste, Oudin, played the part of Henri IV, the dominating personality in the opera. I was able to secure Juliette Nesville, who created the soprano rôle in Paris, and who, speaking very pretty English, made an equal success in London. I also had in the cast, Courtice Pounds, Jessie Bond, Frank Wyatt, Leonard D'Orsay, and that little picture of a woman, Jennie McNulty. The piece was very indifferently received by the Press until it had run a hundred nights. George Dance wrote the adaptation for me. It was his first introduction, I believe, to the operatic stage. Ivan Caryll was the conductor, and added some charming numbers to the score also. The piece was not a financial success, although Lacome, upon its withdrawal, wrote me a letter stating that he could not express too warmly his appreciation of the wonderful interpretation I had obtained for his piece in London. We had the chance of paying a large sum of money to transfer the piece to the, at that time, quite new Prince of Wales' Theatre, but, in point of fact, it never once at the Prince of Wales' played to as good business as at the Globe. Meanwhile, Penley, who had just produced *Charley's Aunt* at the Royalty, took up our lease of the Globe Theatre and ran *Charley's Aunt* there for one thousand nights. *Ma Mie Rosette* was a big success in Australia.

In the meanwhile, and some time before the production of *Ma Mie Rosette* here, Alexander Henderson had produced Planquette's melodious opera *Rip van Winkle* also at the Comedy Theatre. This was the opera in which Fred Leslie, that extraordinarily gifted artiste, made such an overwhelming success in the part of Rip. There was a touch of genius in his creation. During the run, Fred Leslie

had a disagreement with Farnie, and Farnie said he proposed to get rid of Leslie, as there was a man in the country who could play the part equally well. I said: "If you do, you will make one of the biggest theatrical mistakes of your life." Farnie would not listen to reason, Fred Leslie's agreement was not renewed, and the new man who came to London to play the part was not accepted as a suitable substitute for Leslie.

Among the other French successes were *Madame Favart*, with Florence St. John as lead, and *Falka*, one of Violet Cameron's most successful parts. Suppé's *Boccaccio* was also given, and, although the music was delightful, the piece did not catch on. This opera remains in my memory as the first opera in which Marie Tempest appeared. She had previously sung at Arthur Chappell's Saturday and Monday "Pops," under her own name of Miss Etherington. I remember Farnie saying to me that he did not think she would ever make good, as she could not hold the stage. Those who have studied our Marie's appearances since then can well afford to smile at this premature judgment.

Audran was the most generous of little hosts. When I visited Paris he took me everywhere, and refused to let me spend a penny. He had many other successes, including *Miss Hellyet*, *La Poupée*, *The Grand Mogul*, and, lastly, *Gilette de Narbonne*, which he always told me brought him in more money from the French provinces than any of his other operettas. Henderson and Farnie arranged with John Boosey to do *Gilette de Narbonne* in London. At the last moment they wanted to back out of their agreement, and John Boosey released them, because Kate Santley wished to do the piece at the Royalty Theatre. This she did, but not with the success that

would have attended its production had it been produced by those dictators in London of comic opera.

I recall quite well that, when little Audran became hopelessly ill, his wife and he used to dine every Sunday evening at the Restaurant Larue, and there I used to meet them. When dining with them one Sunday night, one of the most pathetic and curious experiences I ever came across in a restaurant was seeing the great violinist, Sarasate, dining there all by himself at a table among a crowd of people and reading some letter which apparently had profoundly affected him. He was crying like a child, oblivious to all the other diners sitting round him. I knew him quite well, but thought it was kinder not to intrude upon him at such a moment.

I have often wished I could obtain a criticism, from someone qualified to judge, of the respective merits of Sarasate and that other great artiste, Kreisler. Surely they had many points of resemblance in common?

It is pitiful to reflect upon the amount of beautiful music that has been lost to the world through the incapacity of composers, again and again, to select librettos which visually tell their story and hold the stage quite apart from the music.

In plain words, a grand opera should be able, in the first place, to tell its story through visual interpretation, whether the words sung are understood by the public or are incoherent.

Two of the most notable examples in this respect are the operas *Faust* and *Carmen*. In both instances the librettos live and make their effect quite apart from the music. It is impossible in the case of these two operas not to follow the narrative, even if the opera itself, through over-heavy orchestration or indistinct singing, should be otherwise obscure. The

same criticism applies to works such as *La Vie de Bohème*, *Cavalleria Rusticana*, *Pagliacci*, and even *Madame Butterfly*.

I first saw *Madame Butterfly* as a play produced, I think, at the St. Martin's Theatre. A few days later, Puccini was lunching with me, and I asked him to see the play, which I told him should make, in my opinion, an excellent subject for musical treatment. Puccini saw the play, agreed with me, and in due course *Madame Butterfly* was the outcome of our conversation. When I suggested *Madame Butterfly*, however, my idea was that it should be a one-act opera, or at all events an opera in two scenes. I did not consider the subject sufficiently strong to build up upon it a three-act opera. However, the ultimate success of the opera was sufficient to negative my suggestion as to the form in which it should be presented.

My general criticism with regard to librettos applies with equal force to works of a lighter character. There is no doubt that Edward German's delightful scores, *Merrie England* and *Tom Jones*, would have permanently held the stage had the librettos been on an equality with the music.

Arthur Sullivan always impressed upon me – not that I needed conversion – that Edward German was the one British composer who was capable of carrying on the tradition he had established of a delightful new form of English light opera. What a pity, therefore, that he never had a W. S. Gilbert, or a libretto worthy of his setting. Basil Hood wrote admirable lyrics, witness "The Yeomen of England," but he had not the dramatic instinct.

Another instance of a charming score lost through a deficient libretto was that of Montague Phillips' *Rebel Maid*. Messrs. Chappell have sold thousands

of vocal scores of the opera simply because the music made such an appeal to amateur operatic societies. The fact of the libretto being amateurish naturally did not weigh with amateurs, who were only interested in reproducing the musical side of this delightful composition.

I once asked Albert Carré, who was the director of the Opéra Comique in Paris and the author of *La Basoche*, why *La Basoche* was not a greater popular success than it had been. For the libretto was in itself a masterpiece of stage construction and intensely interesting in addition. Carré's reply was that the action was so complicated it was impossible for the audience to follow the plot unless they were seated in the theatre at the absolute rising of the curtain.

Among other composers who have grievously suffered through the inefficiency of their librettos are those two masters of light music, Franz Lehar and Louis Ganne.

I was present at the first performance in Dresden of Richard Strauss' *Elektra*. *Elektra* was modelled on the severest form of old Greek tragedy, the chorus were practically charged with the task of informing the audience as to what was happening off the stage in connection with the drama. The orchestration was all-powerful, in fact overwhelming, so that when the chorus endeavoured to inform us of all the horrors that were taking place at the back of the curtain it was quite impossible to follow what these horrors were, even if you were proficient in the German text, which I confess I was not.

Speaking of first nights, I remember a curious experience when I attended two first-night suppers on consecutive evenings in Berlin. The first supper was given in connection with the production of a

light opera by Oscar Straus, and the second supper the following night was given to celebrate the production of a new work by the great Richard Strauss. I need hardly suggest how very different the personnel of the two supper-parties was ! Berlin was a very gay city before the war. The night-life was amazing.

Speaking of the importance of opera librettos, I am reminded of the last time I met that gifted little composer, now dead, Victor Jacobi, at the Ritz Hotel in Budapest. He was about to produce his new opera *Sybil*. He gave me the story of the libretto, and I considered it so strong that I said I did not require to hear the music, and that I would purchase the opera right away, which I did. It was one of my great disappointments that the opera did not make a big success in London. Something went wrong with the adaptation, and unfortunately, in passing it on to another management, I had parted with the right to supervise and approve it. It contained some very delightful music.

Of course there have been occasions when a beautiful libretto could not save indifferent music. I always considered the libretto of *The Beauty Stone* among the most beautiful subjects for a grand opera that I can imagine. Albert Carré shared my opinion, but he was not sufficiently impressed by the music.

CHAPTER VI

AMERICAN MEMORIES

I HAVE made so many visits to America that I am rather confused as to their chronological order years ago. The first time I went to America was on that very uncomfortable little Cunarder, the *Umbria*. She was only 6,000 tons, and she rolled most terribly. I went to America with a view to looking into the question of our publishing agency over there, we being represented by Messrs. Pond & Co. I came to the conclusion that it was essential we should have a house of our own, and in due course I took premises and started a branch there. I think it was in 1891 that I opened up in New York, and engaged Mr. George Maxwell as manager. George Maxwell subsequently has for a long while represented Messrs. Ricordi and the popular Italian operas in America.

It was on one of my early visits to America that I travelled over with Loie Fuller. She had at that time lost all her money in her production of *A Midsummer Night's Dream* at the Globe Theatre, and she had not yet invented her wonderful new skirt-dances. I remember that she and I gave a concert on board, and Mr. Chauncy Depew took the chair.

I took her out to supper in New York, and can still see her sitting in front of a huge pink water-melon twice the size of herself. I was so frightened she would fall into it. It was the first time I heard

from a neighbouring table the once popular expression, "What funny things you see when you haven't got a gun."

America was a very different proposition for a visitor in those days. In a sense, the hotels and restaurants were very primitive. I stopped at the Hoffman House in New York. Among other subjects I had to tackle was the question of the new United States copyright law. It was at the time that America insisted that copyright could only be claimed by authors outside the domicile of the States on condition that their works were set up in America from American type. The same applied to engraving. A very able man and a delightful fellow in addition, Mr. Scaife, a well-known lawyer in Boston, claimed that music was exempt from this formality probably through a slip in the wording of the Act. We tested the point in the law courts in America, and we won the day. It was of enormous importance to English music publishers and composers, as it avoided the necessity, either of engraving works twice over, or having the whole of our engraving done in America. It is not worth while at this moment going into the details of the legal argument.

I remember arriving in Boston in very hot summer weather, and for some extraordinary reason I found myself arrayed in a frock coat and a silk hat. I went to see Scaife, who put me up for his clubs, and, in the course of a stroll through Boston, we arrived at a famous park with a big ornamental lake. Upon this lake they had various white mechanical swans. You were able to sit across these swans as though you were riding, and, by means of machinery, paddle yourself across the lake. I insisted, in spite of my costume, on making this experiment, and I remember Scaife was absolutely dumbfounded at

the idea of an Englishman not being sufficiently self-conscious to refuse to divert himself, in spite of his garments, in this particular manner. Anyhow, it won his heart, and he took me down to his country seat outside Boston, where we had a wonderful time.

In the course of my wanderings I found myself up at Chicago at a famous little hotel called the Riche-lieu, long since extinct. It had quite a distinguished company of foreign artistes staying there. I remember the divine Sarah Bernhardt, with a large St. Bernard dog. Beamish came up to me in the hall in a state of collapse, dragging the dog after him. "What am I to do?" he said. "Madame insists I am to take this dog down the town and get him married!" Minnie Hauk and many others, and that never-to-be-forgotten good fellow, Cecil Clay, with his wife, Rosina Vokes, were also staying at the hotel. Cecil was Fred Clay's brother.

It was at Chicago that I heard for the first time the opera *Cavalleria Rusticana*. Minnie Hauk was singing in it. We could have bought it even then for £3,000. I cabled over to Boosey's, but they were rather scared at the price, and nothing happened. Only imagine what thousands of pounds were made by Ascherberg out of the purchase of this opera and *Pagliacci*.

Beamish, in addition to owning the most chic hotel in Chicago, and there were very few chic hotels at that time, was a wine merchant, and electrified me, after a long period of search on my part – all their champagne being hopelessly sweet – by producing some of the original famous '74 Pommery & Greno. I was only there three or four days and received a lot of hospitality from the Cecil Clays. Beamish was also good enough to take a great liking to me, and it was very hard for an Englishman at

that time to make much headway in the States. When I left the hotel he insisted on making me a present of two bottles of the famous Pommery and some whisky.

I think it was on this occasion that I met Marshall Wilder. He was a very small person, but during one or two seasons was very popular in London Society as a raconteur. His head barely came above a dining-room table, and he used to run round the table at dinner-time rather like a black retriever, retailing his latest new pieces of humour. I must confess I was not greatly impressed by his stories. There was only one I remember which made an impression upon me. He was describing how a well-known clergyman was preaching in the States one Sunday, and was very annoyed by a little man sitting under the pulpit, who kept on potting at the congregation with a pea-shooter. The clergyman leant over the pulpit and remonstrated with the small person beneath him, who replied: "All right, old man, you peg away with your yarn; I'll keep the beggars awake!" I *think* the word he used was beggars. The American spelling may be different from the English.

It was on this occasion also that I met Forbes-Robertson, who had gone to New York to take up the leading part in a very strong play of Sardou's, he being engaged by an American Society lady who wished to make her appearance on the stage as a professional. I remember the play quite well and the superb performance that Forbes-Robertson gave in it.

It was during this visit that I first of all heard the brilliant orchestra that used to give big concerts on a Sunday evening at the Madison Square Hall.

I shall have a great deal more to say about the

United States on a later occasion. This was one of the visits upon which I received my first impressions.

On this occasion I remember going as far north as Quebec, and it was a wonderful experience after the cooking that then prevailed in America, to arrive at the well-known Hôtel Frontenac, where the cooking was of the best French order and where you were able to obtain the best French wines. Frontenac reminded me very vividly, on account of its position looking over the river St. Lawrence, of the view opposite Pest, when one stayed at the Hungaria, and looked across the Danube to Buda on the other side, lighted up all night.

CHAPTER VII

PARIS FIFTY YEARS AGO

WHEN one thinks of Paris as it was fifty years ago one can realise how many changes have taken place. I used very often to stay at the little old-fashioned and chic hotel, the Meurice, in the Rue de Rivoli. Very often also at the Bristol on the Place Vendôme. At the latter hotel one often experienced the excitement of being woken up by a crowd in front of the hotel, indulging in a demonstration of welcome. It took you a little while sometimes to realise that they were not cheering you, but celebrating the arrival of some European potentate who had turned up at the hotel overnight.

How many of the old restaurants, too, have disappeared, and how much more flashy are many of those which have supplanted them. The Maison d'Or is no more. The restaurant boasted it was never closed all through the famous Siege of Paris. The famous Café Anglais is another landmark that has disappeared, also the Café Bignon.

The Café Voisin no longer exists. It had long since lost its original character. It was said to be possessed of the finest cellar of red wine in Paris. I think Nicol of our Café Royal must have been inspired by it. And the proprietor was a great racing magnate. What an air of distinction he had! Even as I write these lines the famous Paillard is no more!

Paris, in fact, generally has lost a great deal of the distinction and elegance it possessed in those days. It is no longer so refined! The change was inevitable.

The invasion of the *nouveaux riches*, of all the younger financially successful nations, no doubt demanded a different standard of entertainment.

The glittering Pré Catalan has taken the place of the quaint little old farmhouse so famous in the early morning for its glass of milk and other simplicities.

Gone are all the little, horse victorias. The shriek of the motor-horn has replaced them.

There is only one thing that never changes in Paris, that always remains old-fashioned; it is the intense seating discomfort of the theatres.

Another thing that strikes one forcibly is the change in the night-life of Paris. In the old days, visitors always took part in it. To-day it appears to be run entirely by professionals. The visitors look on. Maxims, perhaps, of all the night-houses retains its character, or want of it. How different to the night-life of Berlin, particularly before the war.

The famous restaurant, Durand's, is also a memory of the past. I remember taking the night-train from London to Paris in the old days and arriving at the Hôtel Meurice in the early hours of the morning. It was a gorgeous sunrise. And it was the day following the appalling fire disaster at the charity bazaar.

The last time I ever breakfasted at Durand's was during this visit. I suddenly looked through the window against my table, and, between us and the Madeleine, innumerable hearses of the unhappy victims of the fire were all gathered in the square

together. They made a mass of the most gorgeous spring flowers one could imagine. Paris lends itself to these dramatic and picturesque surprises. What beauty and what tragedy side by side!

I first met the famous Josef at the old Paillard's before it was rebuilt. Josef had very clearly defined views as to how the real gourmet should breakfast and dine. "One *plat* for breakfast," he used to say to me, "and two *plats* for dinner, the best possible, and to which you should be permitted to return more than once during the meal." I frequently thought of it in after days when I used to shoot every 12th of August with an old friend of mine in the North. The dinner menu on the 12th invariably consisted of some twenty *plats*.

Josef, after leaving Paillard's, opened a restaurant in the Rue Marivaux. This was before he migrated to the Savoy Hotel.

Josef used to tell me of a curious experience he had in America. He was engaged as private chef, at a fabulous salary, by one of the American millionaires. On arriving at New York he was told he could not land until he had paid a tax percentage value upon his salary as imported labour. The amount of the tax staggered him. He refused to pay. Meanwhile, he sat on the quay with his wife and his child in a blinding snowstorm until the millionaire heard of his plight and came down and released him. He did not stay in America long.

Of course there are many other famous old restaurants that still exist and maintain their reputation. Such are the Tour d'Argent, La Pérouse, and the always delightful Foyots, the last one with the saving grace of no music during meals.

At the same time there was a restaurant at

Brussels, L'Étoile, which before the war had no difficulty in challenging comparison with any of the famous French houses. Frenchmen would journey all the way from Paris to lunch and dine there. I trust L'Étoile still exists. Also the Filet de Sole.

No, Paris is not the Paris that it was fifty years ago.

The circumstances attending the first production of *La Basoche* in Paris were very curious. Some little while before *La Basoche* was produced, I was at a dance in the old Marlborough Rooms, Regent Street, given by Henry J. Leslie to his company to commemorate the hundredth performance of the *Red Hussar*. Miss Marie Tempest was, of course, the leading lady. Among those I met that night was Ivan Caryll, the composer. It was the first time I had met him, and I soon noticed he could be very useful picking up new light operas abroad. On that particular evening he gave me an idea, in his broken English, of the story of *La Basoche*, which was on the eve of production in Paris. He subsequently played the music over to me. I was very enthusiastic over the work, and said we must go to Paris and see it. He said there was a difficulty in that direction. It appears Edward Chappell knew that Leslie's theatrical ventures had not recently been prospering, and Edward Chappell's project at the conclusion of the dress rehearsal was to come forward with an offer for the work, presuming that Leslie's option had lapsed through want of sufficient funds. I said to Caryll I thought that difficulty might be surmounted. "Let us take Leslie with us to Paris," I said. "He has the option, and Messrs Boosey & Co."—with whom I then was—"have the money." This was agreed upon, and in due course we found ourselves at

the dress rehearsal of *La Basoche* in Paris. We had not been five minutes in our stalls when Edward Chappell hurried over to see me and asked if we were intending to buy the opera. I said yes, if we liked it well enough. I was still more enthusiastic over the work at the conclusion of the dress rehearsal than I had been before. Edward Chappell then suggested it would be absurd for us to bid against each other, and would we entertain the project of jointly publishing the opera with Messrs. Chappell, either party to retire if they did not wish to go further. I said I was perfectly agreeable to share with them, and there we left the matter.

That same night I was having supper at the Café Americain with Gus Harris and Henry Pettitt, the dramatist. I spoke at some length about the opera, and said that, were I a theatrical manager, I should not hesitate to buy it for London. On the other hand, I said, it required very serious alterations for the English stage, and I doubted if there was any manager in London clever enough to do what was wanted. The next day I went over to London, and Gus Harris asked if I would go and see him. Partly, possibly, owing to my warm recommendation of the piece, he had gone to Choudens, the well-known publishers, the first thing next morning, and had bought all the publishing and performing rights in the work for Great Britain, I think for a sum of £2,000 or £3,000. When I got back to London, he said if my firm would like to take half his bargain he would be prepared to sell half at the same price it cost him. Messrs. Boosey & Co. did not care to purchase the half share, which was necessarily represented largely by the performing rights. No doubt they looked upon it as rather a gambling transaction. In this case we should have made a very

handsome profit when Gus Harris sold it to D'Oyly Carte for, I think, £6,000 or £7,000. D'Oyly Carte was compelled to buy it, having opened the Royal English Opera House with only one opera, *Ivanhoe*, in his so-called repertoire.

CHAPTER VIII

GRAVE AND GAY IN THE MUSICAL WORLD

THE question whether we are a musical nation has agitated our Press and our public for many years. What is the correct answer? I think it may be safely affirmed that for many years there was a genuine taste for oratorio and ballad concerts; also, up to a certain point, for chamber music. The Saturday and Monday "Pops" had an immense vogue, until the popularity of orchestral concerts gradually supplanted them. In the old days very few orchestral concerts existed. Auguste Mann gave orchestral concerts at the Crystal Palace, and the Philharmonic Society gave occasional concerts also. It is curious, however, to think that in these recent days, in spite of orchestral concerts under the baton of the most distinguished English conductors and the most famous conductors from abroad, the Lener Quartette, whose programmes are made up of the old classical chamber-music favourites, should have once more achieved a remarkable success in this country.

So many quaint stories exist as to how far we are a musical nation. Arthur Chappell used to tell me a tale of a dear old lady, who was at a big dinner-party, and was asked if she was musical. "God forbid," she replied; "I am Wagnerian!"

Another quaint story in the same direction was related to me by Henri Loge, the pianist and

composer. He was asked to play the piano at some distinguished duchess' house after a dinner-party. The piano was evidently something very ancient, and was a small upright, propped up against the wall of the salon. Loge at the end of his effort apologised, and said he feared he could not quite do himself justice upon the particular piano in question. The Duchess' reply was extremely brief and cutting. "That piano," she said, "has been in our family for sixty years, and nobody has ever complained of it before!" This incident somehow suggests to me Mr. Snowden's mental attitude towards Free Trade.

Robert Newman, whose acquaintance with the concert world and the music-loving public was very extensive, always declared that the public you could rely upon consistently for concerts never numbered more than ten thousand. Of course there are plenty of musical snobs among us who turn up for special occasions, because they think it is the right thing to do. They probably have never heard of one of Sheridan's immortal flashes of wit, when his son said he would like to go down a coal-mine. "Why?" asked Sheridan. "I should like to say I have been down." "Say so, then," replied Sheridan. However, the musical snobs have to pay for their seats, so obviously we must encourage them.

Certainly there is no such genuine taste in England for grand opera as that which prevails almost universally on the Continent. Meanwhile, we shall no doubt continue to call ourselves a musical nation, because, although we are not adepts at humbugging other countries, we have a perfect genius for humbugging ourselves.

One curious point in connection with our artistes is the loyalty of our public to old favourites. Once they have established a reputation, they can go on

singing until there is not a musical note in the box. How very different is the condition of artistes with big musical reputations in Italy. The moment they go off the note, or fail to satisfy the artistic requirements of the music public, they are overwhelmed with an avalanche of disapproval, a disapproval openly and violently expressed. The fact speaks for itself.

When Sims Reeves sang for us at St. James's Hall shortly before his retirement you would hear one old lady say to another, in a rapt voice as they left the hall, "I have seen him, my dear." The question of hearing him did not arise. On one occasion a similar old lady actually penetrated into the artistes' room and implored me to let her stand in the corridor as the great man passed out. "Of course you can, my dear," said kind-hearted Ella Russell; "stand here." When the great tenor appeared it was too much for the old lady. "Oh, Mr. Reeves," she said in a quivering voice, "I heard you sing for the first time in the year ——" and she mentioned a year somewhat around the date when Noah led the animals into the Ark. Reeves was most indignant "Nothing of the sort," he said, and swept past her as though she had been so much dust. "Poor old dear," I thought, "heart-broken a second time, and at her age, too." Treats like these never come to concert-givers and publishers. It made me think of Marzials. Whenever I had to refuse one of his manuscripts he used always to say: "Never mind, in the next world we shall publish and you compose, and then we will get our own back again!"

Before passing on to the second part of my memoirs, which deals with my experiences at Messrs. Chappell & Co., it is worth while recalling to mind one or two of the humorous incidents that

had so far attended my progress in the musical world.

I remember on one occasion Lamoureux was conducting a rehearsal at the Queen's Hall for a big concert he was giving. The tenor who was rehearsing was running through "Salve d'Amore," and when he arrived at the C in alt, it was obvious that it was out of his reach. He, therefore, obliged with a falsetto C, so as not to be altogether out of the picture. Lamoureux looked extremely surprised and, turning to the orchestra, said: "Le bateau est partil!" The orchestra were greatly amused, and the tenor, not understanding, took it as a high compliment to himself and bowed his thanks.

I remember another very humorous incident in connection with a tenor. A well-known tenor came in to me one day and said he wished to speak to me very privately. I said: "With pleasure," and conducted him into a fairly dark corner of the establishment. He explained that this corner was not nearly secluded enough for him to impart to me the important news that had brought him to see me. I thought to myself: "This must mean a tenner at least." It did, but not in the sense I imagined. When he felt himself quite secure from any interruption he broke his news to me. He said: "I am going to let you into a secret, which I have not yet revealed even to my own mother." I was half excited and half alarmed. I may mention he was a high baritone, and a very clever artiste. He said at last: "What I want you to know is I believe my voice is really going to be a tenor." I gave a thankful sigh that the news was not more alarming and expensive. Subsequently this artiste did sing as a tenor. But he was a really good baritone.

Sometimes a very comical incident used to occur

through the post. I remember receiving a letter in an unknown hand-writing from a gentleman who evidently lived in the purlieu of Putney. He wrote to me and said: "Dear Sir, — For years past I have been in the habit of setting words to music, and have now in my possession some 200 or 300 of these MSS. It occurred to me it would be an excellent thing for you to come down and dine with me one evening '*à la Bohemian and sans cérémonie*,' when I could give you a better impression of my work at my piano here than I could give you elsewhere, and at all events, if no business resulted, I trust and believe you would not spend an altogether unenterprising evening." I first of all thought of replying that all our dining-out staff were engaged that week, but subsequently concluded it would be better to let his letter flutter gently into the waste-paper basket. Two days afterwards I received a further letter, which said: "Dear Sir, — As you have not responded to my invitation, I hereby beg to withdraw it."

Another very curious incident happened to me. I had to attend the funeral of someone sufficiently well known in the musical world. I arrived at Golder's Green, and in due course took my place in a back pew. I naturally did not look about me very much, but by degrees was very surprised to find that I did not know anybody present. At the conclusion of the service I met a friend outside and said: "I cannot make out why I did not see any of you fellows in the chapel." He said the service had duly taken place, but apparently there were two chapels and I had been attending the wrong funeral. I had been weeping over an unknown person. Funerals, we know, are grave occasions, but I could not help being struck by the humorous side of my experience.

It somehow recalled to my mind the story I had

recently heard of a nervous curate, who in the absence of his pastor had to conduct a similar service. At the conclusion of the service, just as the sorrowing relatives were gathered together before parting, the poor little curate felt he must say something, so, approaching them blushing, he stammered and exclaimed: "The cemetery is filling up nicely, isn't it?"

A very well-known individual in the musical world came to me one day and asked if I had heard his wife had died. I said I had not, but I expressed the usual regrets customary on these sad occasions. "Well," he said, "perhaps it is best she should have gone first. After all, a man can always pop into his club and have a cigar!" This quite seriously.

I remember on one occasion a well-known composer bringing to me a new song. He was evidently very bent on finding a home for it, and brought along for the first time his little boy. I suppose the boy was about eight years old. When the father had finished playing the MS., he turned to his hopeful son and said: "You've heard that before, my little man, haven't you?" "Yes," the little boy replied, "and we're all sick of it!" Poor little boy, I hope he was not badly smacked when his father took him outside. It just shows it is sometimes dangerous to tell the truth even to your own father!

I remember a very interesting occasion when the Fishmongers' Company in the City gave one of their famous dinners, to which they invited a great many eminent writers both in the theatrical world and in the world of fiction. Comyns Carr, better known as Joe Carr, was making an after-dinner speech. He was one of those men who spoke most admirably on occasions like these, although he was not always so happy when he put pen to paper. He was discussing

a subject of rather a broad nature when he suddenly looked up at the gallery. Those who know the Fish-mongers' Hall will remember that there is a gallery overlooking the dining-tables, and that at intervals along the gallery certain golden lyres are placed. Joe Carr happened to look up at the gallery at the moment that various ladies were entering to hear the speeches, each seating herself behind one of the lyres in question. "I see I must moderate my remarks," said Joe Carr; "the ladies have arrived. They are behind the lyres. Perhaps I ought to say their husbands are in front of them."

Seymour Hicks and Joe Carr were very funny together. Seymour one night at supper said to Carr: "You remember that awful failure of mine at Drury Lane, Joe? It only ran a fortnight." "Ran?" said Joe, "It never ran at all. It walked."

On another occasion I was at a little supper-party at the old Grafton Galleries. One of the little fairies was drinking milk. "Milk!" said a very cheery friend of mine who was present. "The very first drink I ever tasted." "Yes," I said, "and even then you pinched it!"

Referring to our old friend Farnie, whom we have discussed briefly, he happened to be lunching one day with John Boosey and his wife, I being present, and he enquired as to whether an old and confidential employee at Boosey's, named Cherry, was any relation to Cherry the composer. Mrs. John Boosey, who had a very quick wit, replied at once: "No, Mr. Farnie, these cherries are not off the same tree."

It was Mrs. John Boosey who, when *Punch* had been running for months a series of short paragraphs supposed to be humorous and entitled "Happy Thoughts," wrote to the editor and said:

“Happy Thought, discontinue ‘Happy Thoughts.’ ”
The hint was taken.

I shall have occasion later on to refer to some more humorous incidents, but I think I may well conclude this part by quoting a very comic little verse that my old friend F. E. Weatherly once addressed to me. He always insisted I was a sort of understudy for the German Emperor. This was before the war. Here is his verse:

*I must not call you Emperor,
I dare not call you Kaiser,
Prime Minister, or Councillor,
Or Spiritual Adviser,
Mikado, Pope, or President,
Or even Holy Czar,
Such names are not th'embodiment
Of all you really are!
One name alone remains to me,
I use it willy-nilly,
Henceforth to me you can but be
My dear, my little Willie!*

What far distant days these early reminiscences take me back to. These indeed were the days of “The Glory of the Young Green.”

*The glory of the young green
That groweth with the bud,
It sets the pulses singing,
It dances in the blood;
It stirs the young to madness,
It wakes the old to mirth;
The glory of the young green
Is over all the earth!*

*The glory of the young green,
It drinketh in the showers,
It heralds forth the ring-time
Of birds and bees and flowers;
It mingles with the blue skies,
A flag of life unfurled;
The glory of the young green,
It filleth all the world!*

PART II

The House of Chappell

CHAPTER IX

CHAPPELL & COMPANY AND THEIR POPULAR CONCERTS

THE house of Chappell was founded apparently much about the same time as Boosey's. The original partners were Samuel Chappell, Francis Tatton Latour, and John Baptist Cramer. Their first deed of partnership was dated December 3rd, 1810.

Very much interesting matter might be written in connection with their beginning, but it is outside the scope of these memoirs. Their first newspaper advertisement is worth recording. It appeared in the *Morning Chronicle* of January 23rd, 1811, and ran as follows:

“Chappell & Co. beg leave to acquaint the nobility and gentry that they have taken the extensive premises lately occupied by Goulding & Co., 124 New Bond Street, and have laid in a complete assortment of music of the best authors, ancient and modern, as well as a variety of instruments, consisting of grand and square piano-fortes, harps, etc., for sale or hire.”

It is interesting to note also that a portion of Chappell's present pianoforte salons are built upon ground that once formed part of the garden of the great William Pitt, who became Earl of Chatham in 1766.

Messrs. Chappell also appear to have been among the most active in forming the famous Philharmonic Society.

One of the most interesting documents in their possession is a letter from the great Beethoven in his own handwriting, addressed to Ferdinand Ries in 1819.

Speaking of a new work he wishes to find a publisher for, he writes: "Pardon if I come heavily upon you, but my income is such that I have to look to every side and corner for bare life. Potter says that Chappell in Bond Street is now one of the best publishers."

Chappell's for a considerable time, commencing in 1866, financed and ran the famous "Readings by Boz," a series of reviews by Charles Dickens in lecture form from some of his best-known novels.

He appears to have had much the same appreciation of Chappell's as Beethoven had. He wrote as follows:

"I do believe that such people as the Chappells are very rarely to be found in human affairs. To say nothing of their noble and munificent manner of sweeping away into space all the charges incurred uselessly, and all the immense inconvenience and profitless work thrown upon their establishment, comes a note this morning from the senior partner to the effect that they feel that my overwork has been indirectly caused by them, and by my great and kind exertions to make their venture successful to the extreme. There is something so delicate and fine in this that I feel it deeply."

William Chappell, Tom Chappell's elder brother, had retired from the firm some time previously to my

arrival. He is best known for his remarkable collection of national English airs, published in book form subsequently under the title of *Popular Music of the Olden Time*.

Arthur Chappell, Tom Chappell's younger brother, directed from 1859 to 1901 the world famous series of Saturday and Monday "Pops." Admirers of Robert Browning will remember the tribute he pays to Arthur Chappell and the "Pops" in a well-known sonnet.

The building of St. James's Hall owed its inception to the house of Chappell & Co. Tom Chappell largely financed it during the earlier stages of its existence. It cost £70,000 to build and was opened on March 25th, 1858, oddly enough with a concert in aid of the Middlesex Hospital, the hospital which Messrs. Chappell have been closely associated with ever since.

One of Tom Chappell's most notable and lasting enterprises was the acquirement of practically all the remarkable Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which D'Oyly Carte produced first at the old Opéra Comique and subsequently at the Savoy Theatre. *H.M.S. "Pinafore"* and *The Sorcerer* were the only two operas of the series that were published elsewhere.

Arthur Sullivan and Thomas Chappell were close personal friends. It was Arthur Sullivan who proposed Tom Chappell as a member for the exclusive Portland Club, and certain clubs were very exclusive in those days. I believe Tom Chappell was the only instance of anyone connected with trade who was ever admitted as a member.

Tom Chappell was one of the original directors of the Royal College of Music, also one of the original governors of the Royal Albert Hall.

Thomas Patey Chappell, "that prince of music publishers," as Gounod once called him, remained until his death an example of all that was highest and most honoured in the world of music publishing.

I first came to him in 1894; he died in 1902 at the age of eighty-three. He was in office until the very end.

Although they have already been published, I make no apology for reproducing here some lines I wrote in appreciation of him almost thirty years ago.

"The death of Thomas Patey Chappell, while it has removed from the musical world a unique and charming personality, has deprived the music-publishing world of the head and chief of its representatives. Thomas Chappell's experiences extended over a period of nearly seventy years, and during that time there were practically no musical celebrities he had not come into contact with. It is not the intention of this sketch to present a dry record of his career, which is already a part of music history; but it may be noted, in passing, that the publisher of the long-famous operas, Gounod's *Faust* and Balfe's *Bohemian Girl*, was identical with the publisher of the comparatively recent brilliant series of light operas by Gilbert and Sullivan. Although the fact is not generally known, Thomas Chappell was the actual founder of the Saturday and Monday popular concerts. They were first started with a view to making St. James's Hall the leading concert hall in London. The hall itself was originated by Tom Chappell, he having been its first, and during his lifetime its only, chairman. But, so far as the management of the concerts was concerned, he remained always in the background, having that

somewhat rare quality in people of conspicuous ability, a dislike of personal notoriety. He was also one of the original directors of the Royal College of Music, and was associated with many other enterprises that required for their furtherance the support of a high character and an unblemished reputation.

"The name of Tom Chappell stood for that commercial integrity which has given the English people so proud a position in the world of commerce. In all the many departments of business which he controlled, to clearness of judgment and broadness of views he added a splendid liberality: sure factors of success in any walk in life. Added to which he possessed that rarest of qualities, the gift of being successful without making enemies.

"It is to the personal side of his character, however, that it is most delightful to turn. Tall, of slight build, singular distinction of appearance and refinement of manner, together with a courtesy that was born in him, he was in the best sense of the word an aristocrat. He was the personification of that old school of English gentleman that it is so often asserted has died out from among us. And, in whatever sphere of life he had been placed, this same quality would have made him stand out from all other men.

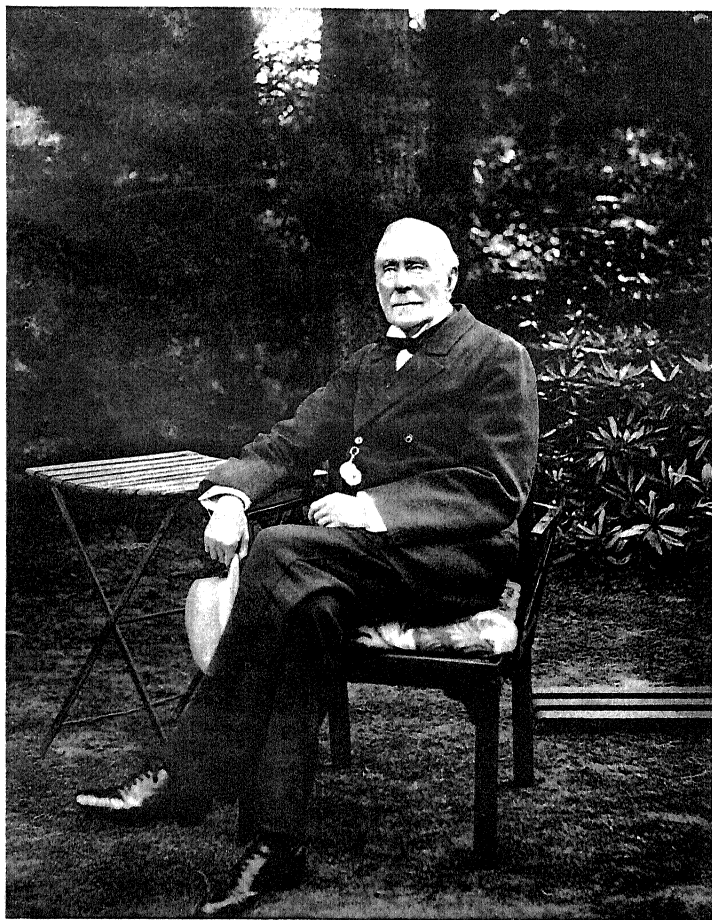
"In his home life he was possessed of one of those sweet personalities that bring sunshine into the lives of all who come into daily contact with them. He was ever even tempered – in turns grave or gay – but always delightful in conversation. Neither in heart nor mind was he ever in any sense an old man; and that almost constant attendant upon unhappy old age – selfishness – was a quality unknown to him.

"At the early age of fourteen he was called away from school to be a support to his father who was stricken with blindness; and this circumstance possibly added to what was evidently the natural bent of his character. As a young man, old people leaned on him; and as an old man, young people leaned on him.

"It would be quite impossible for me to conclude this quite inadequate sketch without introducing one brief personal note. I found him with me – as he was with all the world – princely in his generosity; and it was not merely what he gave, but his way of giving, that endeared him so much to the many he benefacted. In an age that contains so much that is flippant and fugitive he was a man to respect as well as to love; and there are few men who can command these two attributes.

"He was laid to rest in the little churchyard of old Teddington Church in the same sweet simple manner in which he had lived. It was a day full of soft warm sunshine and gentle breezes; and, as I looked upon the little corner of earth that contained him, into my heart came the immortal words:

*"His life was gentle, and the elements
In him so mixed that Nature might stand up
And say to all the world, 'This was a man!'"*



THOMAS PATEY CHAPPELL
WHO FOR MANY YEARS DIRECTED THE DESTINIES OF CHAPPELL & CO.

CHAPTER X

WILLIAM AKERMAN

DURING the period that elapsed between my leaving Boosey's and going to Chappell's, I made a very serious attempt at writing.

Literature always appealed to me as the most delightful way of passing one's time and earning one's living. Unfortunately, my inclination lay more in the direction of verse. I used to write under the name of William Akerman, Akerman being my mother's family name.

Among other efforts, I wrote a version of *Rip Van Winkle* as a grand opera. Franco Leoni set it, and it was produced at His Majesty's Theatre with Hedmond in the title rôle. I also wrote an English version of a delightful French play by Xanrof, *Le Prince Consort*. It was given at the Comedy Theatre under the title of *His Highness, my Husband*. It had an admirable cast: Miriam Clements, Lottie Venne, Leonard Boyne, Eric Lewis, and my poor brother, Philip Cunningham. Subsequently, when Dolly Ulmar meditated giving up the musical stage and devoting herself, as Marie Tempest had done before her, to legitimate drama, I wrote for her a dramatic version of Henri Murger's *La Vie de Bohème*. We never produced this. I fancy we concluded the great popularity of Puccini's opera would give the play no chance. I am not so sure, however, upon reflection, whether we judged rightly.

It is an advantage even for a music publisher to have some acquaintance with literature and verse. Certainly the most prolific lyric writer and the happiest in his ideas was Fred Weatherly. But it is very rare for the happiest lyric author to approach the gorgeous lyrics of the Elizabethan period. Take the following two lyrics, for instance, which are not particularly well-known. The first is entitled "Grieve Not, Dear Love," set to music by Frank Moir:

*Grieve not, deare love, although we often parte,
But know that Nature doth us gently sever,
Thereby to traine us up with tender arte
To brooke the day when we must parte for ever;
For Nature doubting we should be surprised
By that sad day, whose dread doth chiefly fear us,
Doth keep us daily school'd and exercised,
Lest that the fright thereof should overbeare us.
Grieve not, deare love, although we often parte,
But know that Nature doth us gently sever,
Thereby to traine us up with tender arte
To brooke the day when we must parte for ever.*

The second one is "An Old English Love-song." The latter was beautifully set by Frances Allitsen. She was a Miss Bumpus, so it is not surprising she had a fine sense of literature:

*Dear, if you change, I'll never choose again;
Sweet, if you shrink, I'll never think of love;
Fair, if you fail, I'll judge all beauty vain;
Wise, if too weak, more wits I'll never prove.
Dear, sweet, fair, wise,
Change not, shrink not, nor be weak,
And oh! my faith shall never break.*

*Earth with her flow'rs shall sooner heav'n adorn,
 Heav'n her bright stars through earth's dim globe
 shall move,
 Fire heat shall lose, and frost of flames be born,
 Air made to shine, as black as night shall prove.
 Earth, heav'n, fire, air,
 The world transform'd shall view,
 Ere I prove false to faith and strange to you.*

Speaking of Henri Murger, Julia Neilson and Fred Terry sang and recited a poem of his, "La Ballade d'un Désespéré," very little known, I believe, in this country. Bemberg wrote a charming musical setting. Here is an English version of it:

A BALLADE OF DESPAIR

(From Henri Murger's "Ballade d'un Désespéré.")

SCENE.—*A miserable attic. A rickety chair and table. A mean bed in a corner of the room. A poet sits at the table, his head buried in his hands. A half-starved dog crouches at his feet. The snow is falling in the street and forcing itself through a broken pane of glass in the window. Knocking heard without.*

POET.

Who knocks at my door so late?

VOICE WITHOUT.

'Tis I! Let me in!

POET.

Your name!

VOICE WITHOUT.

Let me in! Let me in!

POET.

Your name!

VOICE WITHOUT.

Let me in! Oh Heaven, the snow falls fast in the
street!

I am cold as the dead, as the dead are my hands and
my feet.

I am come from the north and the south, and the
east and the west,

And I seek but to sit by the embers, to warm me
and rest——

POET.

Your name!

VOICE WITHOUT.

Let me in! Let me in! Give me shelter awhile!

I am Fame! I am Glory! Immortal the light of my
smile!

You shall longingly hold me, entreat me so softly to
stay——

POET.

Mocking shadow, away!

VOICE WITHOUT.

Oh listen, my voice is the voice of your youth, of
your love,

Twin gifts from the hand of the pitying Father
above—

I am Youth! I am Love!

POET.

Take thee hence; she I loved is no more;

She was false, we are parted, the dream of my
madness is o'er!

VOICE WITHOUT.

I am Art! I am Song! I am strong, and will make
for thee wings
To sing and to rise from this earth and these animal
things!

POET.

Too late: I have sung, and the world's jaded senses
were dumb.
I shall ne'er sing again, for my lips and my heart
they are numb!

VOICE WITHOUT.

I am Wealth! I am Riches! The world shall be
spread at your feet!

POET.

What is wealth without love? My love's heart has
forgotten to beat!

VOICE WITHOUT.

I am Power! I am Empire! All mighty the pride
of my state!

POET.

Can you bring back the dead that have left all my
days desolate?

VOICE WITHOUT.

Let me in! Let me in! You shall know me, and
know of my name;
I am Death – Death himself. From the sepulchre
silent I came.
You can hear the keys rattle and clank at my lean,
hollow side,
They shall open the gates of forgetfulness swiftly and
wide.
I am come from the shadows of nothing to bring you
release

From the pain and the press of the world, and my
word it is – Peace.

POET.

*(Throwing open the door, through which a flood of light
streams into the room.)*

Come, enter, sweet comfort of Heaven, my poverty
share,

Make your home on my threshold, my threshold of
hunger and care;

Despair is my portion – eat, drink, and be merry
with me;

I am weary of waiting – I long, I am praying for thee.
How oft have I sought thee! How oft hath a horrible
fear

Laid hold of me, stricken me, keeping me prisoner
here!

Hath death any terrors or body or soul to dismay
Like the dread of this living? Come, carry me
painless away! –

Away – stay – here's one, my poor dog, hath ne'er
done me an ill;

One caress of my hand, honest friend, then lie silent
and still –

Oh Death, a brief moment, he also is waiting for thee,
'Tis the one living thing that will weep for the
memory of me!

*[He falls dead as the light dies away. The
dog crouches beside him, his head on the
shoulder of the dead man.]*

So much for verse. The fact is that, the moment
my work became very exacting at Chappell's, I
realised it was impossible to pursue the double
vocation of would-be poet and publisher.

Mon cher Ami - Très sérieux - W. T. Boosey



*Mon ami - pas sérieux - mais
très drôle*

F. Paolo Tosti

F. PAOLO TOSTI
THE COMPOSER OF "GOOD-BYE" AND COUNTLESS
BEAUTIFUL AND POPULAR SONGS

CHAPTER XI

MY CONCERT EXPERIENCES

IN 1894, Mr. Edward Chappell, son of the late Mr. William Chappell, and Mr. Tom Chappell's nephew and junior partner, being in failing health, Mr. Chappell engaged me to assist him in directing the publishing destinies of the house.

Mr. Chappell's first idea was to engage me solely to run a series of ballad concerts. I explained to him, however, that he was securing the least valuable half of the loaf, and that the concerts would be of no use to him unless he could count on me to provide him at the same time with a new ballad catalogue. Mr. Chappell saw the force of this argument, and so it came about that I was fully engaged to promote the general publishing interests of Messrs. Chappell.

I should mention that it was about this time that Messrs. Boosey & Co. removed their famous ballad concerts, which they had given at the St. James's Hall for twenty odd years, to the newly constructed Queen's Hall. This was the main reason why Tom Chappell decided to run a series of ballad concerts at the St. James's Hall. These concerts were run as the "St. James's Hall Ballad Concerts," under my direction.

During my direction of Boosey & Co. I had been responsible for the exploitation of the majority of Molloy's successes, including "Love's Old Sweet Song"; the majority of Stephen Adams' successes,

"The Holy City" being the last song I published for him; all Marzials' successes; and likewise the many hits of Hope Temple.

This is what I was up against.

I had a desperate struggle at the beginning. I had some single successes, such as Denza's "May Morning," Leslie Stuart's "Bandolero," Capel's "Love, Could I only Tell Thee," and others. But, when a business has been going down hill for a long while, you have got to stay the avalanche before you can push your enterprise up the hill again. Chappell's had had no successes except some charming ballads by the always delightful Paolo Tosti, and one big hit with Isidore de Lara, "The Garden of Sleep." This last song followed on several songs written by de Lara for Chappell's. Alfred Cellier was spending a week end with Tom Chappell at his delightful home at Teddington. Tom Chappell showed him the MS. of "The Garden of Sleep." Cellier said to Tom Chappell the same evening: "That song of de Lara's has a phrase that sticks in one's memory. It ought to go." And it did go!

Meanwhile, Boosey's, always through the influence of their ballad concerts, were still bound to command those of the first-rate ballads that came on the market. Clara Butt was an invaluable ally of theirs. She introduced Cowen's "The Promise of Life," a very big success, also "Abide with Me," by Liddle, an equally big success, and finally Elgar's "Land of Hope and Glory." Boosey's also had a very big run with Wilfrid Sanderson, whose legitimate success was helped by their backing; some big runs with songs by W. H. Squire; and lastly Amy Woodforde-Finden's enormous success with the "Indian Love Lyrics." Lastly, they had a remarkable sale for "I Hear You Calling Me," the one song

out of dozens written by Charles Marshall that instantly established itself. No doubt it was greatly helped in America, particularly, by McCormack's singing of it. Nor must I forget to mention "Bird of Love Divine," by Haydn Wood.

However, at last our efforts by means of our ballad concerts were rewarded. Florence Aylward headed our list with "Beloved, It is Morn"; George Aitken came along with "Maire, My Girl." Molly Carew, a new composer, wrote several hits. Coningsby Clarke, once my secretary at Chappell's, wrote several very popular little songs—last but not least, "The Blind Ploughman," the fine words by Marguerite Radcliffe Hall, author of *The Garden of Loneliness*. Eric Coates began to come to the front; Dorothy Forster, with "Rose in the Bud," had several big successes; Alma Goetz, with "Melisande," and Sheridan Knowles, with "Fat Li'l Feller," added to the list. Guy d'Hardelot came out with "Because," and followed up this, her first big success, with several others. Frank Lambert contributed "She is far from the Land" and several other winners; Liza Lehmann, with several light songs and some excellent concerted numbers illustrating humorous words, stood in a class of her own. My very old friend and loyal supporter, Hermann Löhr, beat all his previous records with "Little Grey Home in the West," of which none of us at the beginning expected such great things. The war helped this song enormously. "Where My Caravan" and other songs of his were already big favourites. Montague Phillips, with his musicianly but always melodious songs, was another of our staunch supporters. Teresa del Riego, with "O Dry those Tears," which had an enormous sale, "Homing," introduced by Madame d'Alvarez, and several others, made good. Finally,

Haydn Wood, who somehow slipped through Messrs. Boosey's hands, landed up with "Roses of Picardy," an enormous favourite with our boys at the Front, and several more real successes. All these songs owed their inspiration to the Chappell ballad concerts. This was the more valuable half of the loaf I promised Tom Chappell, if he would make the concerts the foundation for the publishing.

Apart from Gilbert and Sullivan, however, Chappell's were very poorly supplied with light operas. In this respect they were suffering from an overdose of Hopwood & Crew. Some time previously, Tom Chappell had bought Edward Chappell a share in Hopwood & Crew. Naturally, Hopwood's had to be looked after too. Thus it came about that they published *The Geisha*, *The Belle of New York*, *Little Christopher Columbus*, etc. This was a difficulty I had to deal with, and by degrees an alliance was formed between Chappell's and George Edwardes. Chappell's published practically all the operas that Edwardes produced. And, to make our position stronger, we had an agreement with Lionel Monckton, Paul Rubens, Ivan Caryll, and others to write exclusively for us.

Meanwhile, and shortly before Tom Chappell's death, I felt our board of directors wanted strengthening, and I urged him to invite Harry Chinnery, once a well-known member of the Stock Exchange, to join the board. Harry Chinnery had married a stepdaughter of Tom Chappell, one of the Misses Ellis, famous beauties in their day. Harry Chinnery did join us, and a great asset he became. He was a splendid fellow and the most loyal of friends. Incidentally, he gave me more work to do, but I cannot blame him. He insisted on making a new agreement with me in which I was to make myself responsible

for the running of Chappell's huge piano-factory. As he rightly said, what was the use of my making money out of the publishing if it was lost, on the other side, by the pianos. I took the job on, but it did not make my task any easier.

The famous Saturday and Monday "Pops," according to Groves' *Dictionary of Music*, registered their thousandth performance on April 4th, 1887. The Monday "Pops," so far as Chappell's are concerned, definitely closed down in 1898. The Saturday "Pops," however, under our direction, continued up to the season 1902-1903. By this time, Arthur Chappell had retired. Meanwhile, Johann Kruse appeared upon the scene. He said he would like to make an attempt to revive the "Pops" with his quartette. I warned him in the frankest manner he would probably lose a lot of money, but he was not to be put off. He booked St. James's Hall for forty concerts, twenty Saturday "Pops," and twenty Monday "Pops." He did his utmost, but I fear my prognostication proved only too true. The "Pops" definitely disappeared with the end of his season.

I continued to run ballad concerts for Messrs. Chappell for two years at the St. James's Hall. We then migrated to the Queen's Hall. The story of our acquisition of the Queen's Hall I shall tell later.

We started the ballad concerts at the St. James's Hall with practically the same artistes who had been associated with the hall previously. We had Mary Davies, Louise Dale, Antoinette Sterling, Sims Reeves, poor Joseph Maas (a victim to salmon fishing), Ben Davies, Santley, and Foli. All of them artistes whose reputation was already made. To these later on we added Alice Gomez, introduced by Hamilton Aide, Carmen Hill (a real ballad singer), Margaret Balfour, Dora Labbette, and others. We

had also three delightful tenors, each with a distinction of his own. First of all the ever-to-be-regretted and lovable Gervase Elwes, Evan Williams, who when he was in good voice was unsurpassable, and the always delightful Joseph Hislop. All these three tenors had certain resemblances. They were all exquisite artistes. Madame d'Alvarez had already made a success on the opera stage in New York, but was practically unknown to the concert world in London until we introduced her. In addition to her success in her classic repertoire, she made, as before stated, big hits with us in "Homing," by Teresa del Riego, and "The Blind Ploughman," by Coningsby Clarke. We also had Emma Calvé, Alma Gluck, Mary Garden, and Guilia Ravogli. I still felt, however, the necessity of breaking new ground. It is true we always had a humorous interlude. Margaret Cooper was inimitable with songs at the piano. Maurice Farkoa was another great favourite. His tragic death in New York hardly received any attention in the London Press. Others we introduced were Cissie Loftus, then in the height of her popularity, Nora Blaney and Gwen Farrar, and that little genius, Ivy St. Helier. Lily Hanbury recited in a beautiful work by Thomé, "The Trumpeter's Betrothed," the violin *obligato* played by Johann Wolff. Lastly, Julia Neilson and Fred Terry appeared in the "Ballade d'un Désespéré," already quoted in the previous chapter.

Meanwhile, it occurred to me that it would be a great attraction to the public to see the leading stage-favourites on the concert platform. This was quite an experiment and immensely successful. Lady Bancroft led off with Tennyson's "I'll be Queen of the May, Mother." When she came to the moving death-scene, I turned the organ on. The

organ before now has saved many a *bad* ballad. So no wonder Lady Bancroft triumphed. Madame Ella Russell, my leading soprano that afternoon, burst into tears and fled from the artistes' room, weeping. Hope Temple shortly followed her example. It was one of the moistest afternoons any artistes' room has ever experienced. Sir Squire Bancroft gave "The Raven." He was not quite so successful as Lady Bancroft, although "Nevermore" came out very clearly. Dame Madge Kendal was one of my great successes, also Mrs. Pat Campbell in "She Dwelt among the Untrodden Ways." The fee I paid Mrs. Pat was a very handsome one. If only Wordsworth could have come back again and asked for a small performing fee! Mrs. Langtry gave us "A Lesson with the Fan." This was before Guy d'Hardelot had set the words, which were to make such a success with Marie Tempest as interpreter. Lady Tree also appeared for us. Likewise Lewis Waller. I could not persuade Ellen Terry to join the glad throng. She wrote to me that she recited abominably, and only saved the infliction for her friends. I have no doubt I replied by saying how much we missed by not being counted among her friends! Florence St. John, Violet Cameron, Edna May, Ada Reeve, and others all appeared for us at different times, but it was the recitations that caught on.

The result of my great success, however, in introducing the most famous actors and actresses into my ballad concerts as reciters was the discovery by those Society ladies who are always busy doing good for some charity, generally at other people's expense, that here was a gold-mine open to them in connection with the various charitable causes they were interested in.

Society ladies were able to advertise three or four

star theatre-turns at the same concert, because they paid the artistes nothing. The ladies, however, received all the kudos for organising the great entertainment. Meanwhile, we, who had to pay artistes, could not afford to compete, and the artistes lost their fees. I have often said to these amateur concert-givers, when they have asked me if such and such an artiste could be induced to appear for a certain charity: "Do you realise this artiste's appearance costs you nothing, but you are asking her [or him] to subscribe £400 or £500 towards your charity?" Take the case of John McCormack, or Kreisler the violinist. If either is announced for a concert, charity or otherwise, the concert may realise anything up to £1,000. If the artiste gives another concert the following week, for his own benefit, his receipts are bound to be grievously affected.

I was bound, finally, to make a contract with my artistes that one of the conditions of their engagements must be that they could appear at no charity concerts without my permission. This answered its purpose quite well where musical artistes only were concerned ; but, naturally, stage artistes were much more independent, as my offers to them were only few and far between.

This reminds me of a very humorous incident told me by my friend Sir Harold Boulton when he was one of those all too kind ones called in to arrange a charity concert. He interviewed a very popular singer whose husband had recently died. She was evidently a strong advocate of the late Sir Arthur Conan Doyle's creed that after death you could converse with those you loved and who presumably were inhabiting another planet. This lady replied to Harold Boulton that she must consult her husband

as to whether she could help him with his concert. She left poor Harold Boulton very bewildered while she went out of the room to get into communication with her late lamented consort. Upon her return she said she had had a chat with her husband, and that he advised her she could not possibly sing for less than a sum which she named. Harold Boulton exclaimed: "I am afraid we could not possibly pay as much as that; would you mind going back and asking him if you could not take a little less?" She said she would try, but was doubtful of the result. She once more left the room, but reappeared very rapidly and said that her husband was absolutely firm. Those were the lowest terms she could accept. The result was negotiations came to nothing. I only hope for Harold Boulton's sake that he discovered another lady singer whose husband was not recently deceased.

At one time, when heavy orchestral concerts became very much the vogue, I thought it would be a good idea to introduce a light orchestra into the ballad concerts. For this purpose I engaged Ivan Caryll as conductor, whom I considered, for light opera and light music, one of the best conductors we have ever had. He and I went abroad, and got together a wonderful repertoire of light music from the various Continental spas, where such programmes were very popular. The orchestra we engaged was practically the Richter Orchestra. One or two of the critics, who did not know it was the Richter Orchestra, said the tone of the orchestra was very coarse. So little was this class of music understood in this country at that time that others spoke with contempt of Luigini's "Ballet Égyptien." Messrs. Chappell's reply was to offer a prize of £300 to any English composer who would write as good

a suite. Puccini, Messenger, and, I think, Edward German were the judges. No one qualified for the prize, but George H. Clutsam was *proxime accessit*, and we duly rewarded him and gave him an audition.

We only had two vocalists at each of these concerts, but the concerts did not catch on with the ballad-concert audiences. They wanted all ballads, and looked on ballads as their illustrated catalogue, of which we were depriving them. At a later stage the concerts began to go better, but I found we were losing our ballad audience, and drawing a new audience altogether, and this we could not afford to do.

Subsequently we engaged an admirable light orchestra conducted by Alick MacLean, which at the Queen's Hall ballad concerts, used more sparingly, was greatly successful. Henry Wood also conducted light music at the "Ballads" with his Queen's Hall orchestra.

In connection with our modified new policy, I had occasion to write the following letter to *The Times*:

"THE PASSING OF THE BALLAD

"There is a certain amount of misunderstanding in the very kind preliminary notices that the Press have given to the new form of concert we are inaugurating on the Saturday afternoons at the Queen's Hall, alternating with the symphony concerts. In many directions it has been stated that this change signifies the passing of the ballad. This is really not accurate. We do not think the ballad is ever likely altogether to pass, but it has become necessary to review its present position under existing circumstances.

"The fact is, there is such an enormous amount of music published to-day, as compared with yesterday, that an immense number of very feeble ballads help to strangle those of real merit. A much severer test of criticism, in our opinion, has to be applied in bringing new ballads before the public. For this reason we find that concerts made up entirely of ballads are a hindrance, rather than a help, to the best ballads, more particularly as it is not so easy to find vocalists of the first rank.

"The fact that we give sixty promenade concerts during the season, in the second part of which we always give two ballads; the fact that at the Sunday afternoon concerts at the Queen's Hall a good new English song is always included in the second part; and lastly, the fact that there will always be two good ballads included in our new programmes is, we think, a sufficient answer to the general statement that the ballad is passing."

Among the last and most successful concerts artistically that we gave at the St. James's Hall was a series of recitals by those two inspired artistes, Marie Tempest and Chaminade, whose art and temperament were most happily blended.

Another great difficulty in giving concerts is to compete with the numerous, sometimes very good, artistes who give recitals and who must have the hall filled even if hardly anybody pays for a ticket. There is no means of getting rid of this very terrible form of competition.

I have often wondered if there is anybody living who has given as many concerts as I have. They can be numbered by hundreds. When one realises, however, that I have given concerts almost without

intermission for fifty years, including the immense number, serious and otherwise, that I gave for Chappell's at the Queen's Hall, it can be easily recognised how I have broken all records. The question may be asked: How far has music benefited by my efforts? My modest reply is: The artistes have certainly benefited.

One of the most trying experiences of anyone giving concerts is the holding of auditions.

If the novice, he or she, is really very bad — and they both generally are, because they insist on endeavouring to appear in public long before they have studied sufficiently — I generally shake them warmly by the hand, and thank them for having let me hear them. This pleases them, and at the same time exonerates me, because it removes the necessity of my having to hear them again.

One of the great difficulties in the profession is that so many attempt a career as singers, and, when they fail, promptly become teachers, so that in a very short while, if not already, the teachers will largely outnumber the pupils.

And so the snowball daily grows. An occasional humorous incident occurs. I remember a very famous lady golfer coming down to a voice trial. I suppose she did not think I knew anything about golf. Neither do I. But I knew all about her. When she appeared on the platform, I said: "Do you mind teeing off from this side, Miss ——?" (No, I shall not reveal the name.) She is a fine upstanding girl with a charming personality. Well, she sang, and I said to myself: "If only your voice would carry half as far as you can drive a golf-ball, your fortune would be made!" But it didn't.

I remember another occasion when a very eminent professor in the musical world sent an artiste

down to me, and it took us about ten minutes to get her on to the platform, she was so damaged about the legs. Really, he had no sense of humour.

But I dare not pursue this topic further. I might exceed my time limit.

CHAPTER XII

QUEEN'S HALL

It will undoubtedly interest people in the musical world to know how it was that Messrs. Chappell obtained the lease of the Queen's Hall.

I was very startled when Mr. Thomas Chappell, the chairman of the St. James's Hall company, informed me one morning that he had had a very good offer for the St. James's Hall, and that, as a good many of the public were shareholders in the hall, he did not feel he would be justified in refusing such an offer if it matured.

I explained to him that the loss of the St. James's Hall would be a great blow to our interests, since it was the hall where the famous Saturday and Monday Popular Concerts had always been given and since it was also the hall where I was then running ballad concerts for Messrs. Chappell. Tom Chappell replied that he quite appreciated all this, but his duty to his general shareholders must come first.

I admitted the justice of his argument, but merely asked him, if he had to sell, at all events to give me, as managing director of his business, a month's notice before his final decision was given, so that I could have a chance of making arrangements to place our concert interests elsewhere. This he agreed to.



To Mr. William Boasey -
in kind remembrance
of our many "joint" performances
28th - June 1907 Fritz Kreisler

FRITZ KREISLER
THE EMINENT VIOLINIST

Subsequently I never referred to the subject again, because I was satisfied that any decision he came to would be come to on public grounds, and would not be assailable by any arguments of mine.

Shortly before his death he said he had come to the conclusion he would not sell St. James's Hall. I did not know what his reasons were, but naturally I was very cheered by his decision.

After his death, certain parties interested as shareholders were again approached with an offer for the hall. They thought naturally it would be judicious to accept it without saying a word to me or to the then chairman of the company, Mr. Stanley Chappell.

The lease of the Queen's Hall, through a variety of circumstances which would not interest the general public, had eventually become vested in Messrs. Ravenscroft, who were represented by a very intelligent solicitor, Mr. J. S. Rubenstein.

Rubenstein always felt that the Queen's Hall would do much better if St. James's Hall no longer existed; and Chappell's, from their point of view, had equally positive views as to the position of the Queen's Hall as a rival to their St. James's Hall.

Rubenstein, in his lighter moments, used to ask why we did not sell St. James's Hall for a big popular restaurant, and I in reply used to say that he had much better convert the Queen's Hall into a permanent circus, the shape of it being eminently suitable for some such scheme. I even pictured to him visions of himself in a red coat, cracking his whip and leading a piebald horse into the arena.

This of course was all very frivolous, but when

I discovered, as I have explained previously, that the St. James's Hall had been sold, I realised that we were in a very dangerous position with regard to the future of the various concert enterprises that were so important an asset to our business.

I must, however, first explain what led up to my dramatic discovery in connection with the hall.

I was passing along the Strand one morning when I happened accidentally to meet a lawyer just opposite Romano's. His firm were connected with some of the Chappell family, and he, having a cheerful disposition, said: "Will you step into Romano's and have one?" Naturally, I replied: "Yes."

While we partook of a rapid cocktail, he startled me by saying: "Is not this good news about St. James's Hall?" I said: "What news?" He evidently realised at once that I had heard nothing, and sought refuge in the peculiar characteristics of the oyster, which, I am told, sometimes can be extremely secretive. Anyhow, I, having been put upon the track that St. James's Hall had been sold without my knowledge as managing director of Messrs. Chappell & Co., thought: "This is desperate." However, I was suddenly inspired.

The Queen's Hall at that time was in a transitory stage, principally because one or two musical agents who had run the hall found they could not make it pay. The question of the lease was more or less in the air. I picked up the telephone and rang up my friend Rubenstein.

"You have often suggested to me, Rubenstein," I said, "what a splendid thing it would be if St. James's Hall could be sold. The Queen's Hall would then be the only possible concert hall in London."

"Yes," he replied. "Well," I said, "supposing the hall were sold, would you consider Messrs. Chappell & Co. responsible and desirable lessees for the Queen's Hall?" "Naturally," he replied. "Well, now," I said, "if you can give Messrs. Chappell & Co. a lease of the Queen's Hall within twenty-four hours without saying a word to a soul, you will find that St. James's Hall is sold and that one of the dreams of your life has been accomplished."

He promptly agreed, and within twenty-four hours I had signed, on behalf of Messrs. Chappell, a long lease of the Queen's Hall. My word had been kept, St. James's Hall was sold.

Subsequent to the sale of the St. James's Hall, it being bought by some speculators who had in view the building of the present Piccadilly Hotel, certain delays occurred, and the purchasers informed me that they would not be able to start their building operations for a couple of years. They proposed, therefore, to keep St. James's Hall open as a Concert Hall until they were ready. This did not suit my book at all. I saw that there might be a question of cutting prices where the rent of the two halls was concerned, and that my Queen's Hall deal might involve me in a loss much more considerable than I contemplated. I therefore promptly made a deal with the building syndicate to take St. James's Hall off their hands at a fixed rental, by which means I was able to maintain the rent of the two halls and to make competition impossible.

Messrs. Chappell ran the two halls for two seasons, and came very well out of the deal.

The obvious moral of this page of musical history, as you will no doubt have gathered, is that, had I been a teetotaller, Messrs. Chappell would never have acquired the Queen's Hall!

Upon the outbreak of the great European War, Sir Edgar Speyer, an intimate friend of the then Prime Minister, Mr. Asquith, was a tenant of Messrs. Chappell & Co., the lessees of the Queen's Hall, and was running at the Queen's Hall the famous promenade concerts under the musical direction of Sir Henry Wood. He was at the same time financing the equally famous symphony concerts, also under the musical direction of Sir Henry.

Messrs. Chappell & Co. were very soon awake to the fact that, in spite of the war, Sir Edgar Speyer's programmes were aggressively German—in fact, contained nothing but German music. Messrs. Chappell came to the conclusion that under war conditions such a position could not be tolerated. They therefore gave Sir Edgar notice that his tenancy must be terminated. On the other hand, Messrs. Chappell did not like to feel that through their necessary patriotic action so many orchestral players were thrown out of work for an indefinite period, and therefore they decided to run the promenade concerts and the symphony concerts themselves. They ran the symphony concerts from October 1915 to March 1927, and the promenades from August 1915 to October 1926.

Messrs. Chappell & Co. meanwhile continued to run their ballad concerts, and in addition gave 220 afternoon and 136 evening orchestral concerts on Sundays during this period, also 57 Sunday evening ballad concerts from November 1912 to March 1915.

Particular stress also must be laid upon the fact that while the Royal Albert Hall, licensed by special charter, may give concerts on Sundays for a profit, concerts given at the Queen's Hall on Sundays are only tolerated under the licence of the County

Council on condition that any profits made are to be handed over to this or that charity. It may be taken in a general sense that there are no profits on concerts run on these broad lines, but our Government, in spite of this fact, insists religiously on the payment of the entertainment tax, a monstrous tax demanded upon receipts, and not on profits. This tax, spread over a series of years, represents a payment of thousands and thousands of pounds, a further eloquent tribute to the encouragement given to art and music by those in authority. Artistic endeavour in other countries is subsidised by the various Governments. In this country it has to be paid for as a luxury for providing the great army of artistes with a living wage. It never occurs to our authorities, also, that it is a monstrous thing to permit one hall to trade for a profit on a Sunday, and the other hall, not only to be liable to have any profit made confiscated, but to be taxed out of existence for the pleasure of making a yearly loss. This state of things is on a par with the marvellous system by which places of entertainment on the north side of Oxford Street are compelled to close their doors and have their refreshment licences terminated half an hour earlier than similar houses on the southern side of Oxford Street. Truly we are a remarkable people, and we still cherish the fetish that we are more business-like than our Continental neighbours.

There is no doubt that Sir Henry Wood rendered an inestimable service to orchestral music in this country when he absolutely refused to recognise the deputy system which prevailed so long among orchestras. It will be remembered that Sir Henry originally conducted the London Symphony Orchestra, which admittedly contained all our best

orchestral players. He was, however, up against the detestable custom which permitted the best players, when it suited their convenience, to absent themselves from an important concert and to send a deputy to represent them. Hence the formation of the Queen's Hall Orchestra.

Over and over again, when I have been producing a new operatic work of importance, I have been notified by one or other of the orchestral agencies that they could guarantee me the engagement of an orchestra, containing the best players in London. I have always replied, "Yes, they attend when it suits their convenience." But my experience has often been that on the first night of a new operatic work I have found seven or eight or more players in the orchestra who have never attended a single rehearsal of the work, but appeared upon the scene because the principals considered that they had a better engagement at the last moment elsewhere.

In the first place, this system is grossly unfair to the younger members of the orchestral union, inasmuch as they are only handed the leavings of the leading players, who retain everything of importance in their own hands. The younger members of the union have admitted to me that the system worked very unfairly against them. It was much more satisfactory to have an orchestra whom you could rely upon being present in their full strength at every rehearsal and for a first performance, even if they were not always the pick of the orchestral profession.

A great deal of nonsense is written in the Press about the superiority of the Continental orchestral players. I say, without hesitation, that the best orchestral players in England can hold their own

against any combination of similar artistes from abroad. It is only the wretched system that occasionally lets them down. Foreign conductors have again and again spoken to me of the extreme merit of our leading players, and particularly of their extraordinary ability to read new scores. On the other hand, I have always maintained with great regret that their attitude has been extremely difficult, indeed often tyrannical. The climax was reached recently when I, as chairman of the Performing Right Society, was informed by a deputation of these artistes that they understood the Performing Right Society was increasing its fees to one or two of the leading restaurants and hotels who made a feature of light music, and that in their opinion this increase of terms was going to throw many of their members out of work. I discussed a case in point with these gentlemen. It was a case where one of the most prominent hotels during the season thought nothing of paying £1,000 a week for the possibly two or three orchestras who performed for them daily and nightly, and in this case the Performing Right Society was asking, for the benefit of composers, a paltry £1 or £2 a week extra for the right to perform their English and European repertoire. I asked these gentlemen where they would be but for the repertoire which enabled them to take their £1,000 a week in fees. I asked them whether a payment of £5 a week by a very wealthy hotel was an excessive payment to make to composers for performing rights when the executants took £1,000 a week. I warned them, at the same time, very prophetically that, if they wanted to fight, they had much better reserve their energies to combat the terrible invasion of mechanical music which, at so many cinemas and even restaurants, was breaking up

orchestral playing altogether. My words have not been forgotten.

Meanwhile, I notice with the greatest pleasure that the London Symphony Orchestra, under their new conductor, Mengelberg, are undertaking to drop their so-called privilege of supplying deputies, and agree to attend in person at all rehearsals and concerts. This is a great victory for Sir Henry Wood, and he thoroughly deserves our heartiest congratulations upon the success of the firm stand he long ago took up.

With conductors such as Sir Thomas Beecham and Sir Henry Wood we are also quite on an equality with conductors from the Continent, although it is an excellent thing to invite eminent conductors from the Continent to visit us.

I was much impressed by a remark Robert Newman once made to me. He said very few conductors would have the requisite vitality to carry through a continuous series of promenade programmes, every night for two months, such as Sir Henry Wood did.

I often wonder if some of the quaint old stories of conducting are quite forgotten. I am thinking first of all of a, in his time, well-known caterer who used to run the Covent Garden promenades. He was terribly indignant one night because, during an orchestral selection, a brief solo passage for the first violin occupied a few moments. He wanted to know why he was paying all the orchestra when only one was playing! He was equally indignant on another occasion when a piano passage was being played. He wanted to know why he had so many in the orchestra if they could not make more noise!

We must not forget, either, another famous occasion, when the conductor had a little difference

with one of his orchestra. The member of the orchestra concluded the argument by saying: "If you speak to me like that again, I will follow your beat!"

Lastly, I must not forget a priceless story which Sir Landon Ronald is responsible for. It appears he was conducting an orchestral concert up at Glasgow. A distinguished conductor from the Continent, whose name I forget, also conducted two or three numbers in the same programme. After the concert one of the little flapper fiends, who are daily in search of autographs, came and asked Sir Landon for his autograph. He wrote it down in her book, apparently in pencil. Very shortly afterwards she returned and said she had made a mistake. She thought he was the conductor from abroad, and it was his autograph she wanted, and not Ronald's. She asked if he could lend her a piece of indiarubber!

CHAPTER XIII

MUSIC PIRACIES

IN dealing with this subject – and it is well to remember that, at one time, musical piracies threatened to annihilate musical copyright altogether – it is necessary to turn to the Copyright Act of 1842. This Act was the first serious attempt to protect literary, artistic, and musical property, and so to ensure to the author or composer a fair reward for the creation and labour of his brain.

The Act of 1842 was in many respects a much better drafted Act than the last Copyright Act of 1911. In one serious direction, however, it hopelessly failed. If a starving man steals a loaf of bread he is subject to imprisonment. Sheep stealing was at one time, as we know, a hanging matter.

The only way to protect a man whose brain work was stolen was to proceed against the culprit in a civil court and sue for damages. In the case of book piracies the protective clauses in the Act of 1842 were probably sufficient. And for this reason. The process of setting up a book in type, purchasing sufficient paper, printing it, etc. was a very costly one. A pirate who wished to steal must obviously be a person of means. Heavy damages could be awarded by a civil court, and the delinquent would presumably be able to pay.

It was quite a different matter with music. Popular

songs only required two or three pages of paper, and they could be photographed or litho'ed in any old shed or barn which happened to be handy. They could then be retailed to an army of street hawkers for distribution. This in fact was what was done, and in 1902 popular songs were sold by thousands, both openly on the London streets and everywhere throughout the provinces.

What was to be done? We formed, on paper, a very formidable "Musical Defence League." But our supporters were merely moral. They occupied much the same position as do Society ladies whose names appear on the programmes of charity concerts. But, in using the names of our sympathisers, our principal object was to drive the fact into the heads of the general public, and simultaneously into the heads of several very dense Members of Parliament, that composers were not able to live upon suction, but required quite as much nourishment to keep body and soul together as any other members of the community. It is amazing to think how difficult it has always been to make the public understand that music must be paid for in the same way that any other commodity must be paid for that the people are in daily need of.

Our greatest opponent in the House of Commons all through our campaign, was a Mr. Caldwell, member for one of the Glasgow divisions, a very wealthy man, who, I believe, made his fortune out of copyright patterns on calico. At one election in Glasgow we ran a Socialist candidate against him, in the hope of securing the seat for the Conservative candidate. We were not successful, however.

Meanwhile, we did obtain a small measure of assistance from the Government. They gave us the Copyright Act of 1902. This Act gave a constable the

right to seize upon sight any music in the street he had reason to think was pirated, without a warrant. Previously to this Act he could only seize music upon a warrant, and how could this possibly help him against an elusive street hawker?

At last one day a solicitor, Percy Becher, introduced by Hermann Lohr, came to me and said he thought there was a roundabout, admittedly a difficult and expensive, way by which we might be able to seriously undermine our enemies, the pirates. Briefly it was this. To publish and sell pirated music on one's own initiative, without any outside help, was only a civil offence. But, if you could prove that two or three persons had conspired together to reprint and sell your music, a charge of conspiracy might lie against them, and they would be subject, on conviction, to imprisonment. We took this matter into our careful consideration, and eventually submitted a case to the late Mr. Muir, a counsel with an extremely clear mind and with a remarkable gift of clarity in submitting his arguments. Mr. Muir was of opinion we could succeed, so we went ahead at once. We secured all the necessary evidence, and launched our prosecution against two or three of the most notorious pirates. We obtained judgment in our favour, and a severe sentence was passed upon more than one pirate king. This was our first great victory, but it was only obtained at an enormous cost, and it was obvious we must secure further legislation to enable us to hold our ground. We had to make, if possible, the printing and selling of pirated music an offence punishable by imprisonment, and we eventually succeeded.

In 1905, however, the situation grew worse and

worse, and, at a fully attended meeting of music publishers, we notified we could accept no more music for publication and could make no further payments to singers until our mutual wrongs were righted.

The following is the notice we published (reprinted from the *Daily Telegraph* of April 10th, 1905):

“MUSIC PIRACIES

“IMPORTANT ACTION OF THE PUBLISHERS

“At a meeting of the Music Publishers’ Association, held on Friday, at the office of the association, 27 Regent Street, it was unanimously decided by the undermentioned firms that, in consequence of the present deplorable position of music composers, and of the music publishing and retail trade, brought about by the want of protection against music piracies:

“1. No further new publications shall be issued by any of the firms in question until further notice;

“2. No fresh contracts for payments to artistes and singers of new publications shall be entered into for the present;

“3. No further money shall at present be spent upon newspaper advertisements.

“The undermentioned publishing houses particularly desire to point out that their present attitude is dictated by no hostile spirit towards any person or persons connected with the music trade or the music profession, but is merely a

measure of self-preservation on behalf of the music industry and the music composers.

"E. ASCHERBERG & Co.	HOPWOOD & CREW, LTD.
EDWIN ASHDOWN	THE JOHN CHURCH Co.
BOOSEY & Co.	METZLER & Co., LTD.
CHAPPELL & Co., LTD.	PRICE & REYNOLDS
J.B. CRAMER & Co., LTD.	G. RICORDI & Co.
ERNEST DONAJOWSKI	CHARLES SHEARD & Co.
ENOCH & SONS	JOSEPH WILLIAMS, LTD.
EVANS & Co.	M. WITMARK & SON
A. HAMMOND & Co.	KEITH PROWSE & Co."
HAWKES & SON	

We were always being informed that we had brought the piracies on ourselves by the prohibitive price at which we sold our music. Mr. Caldwell was particularly attached to this argument. Smuggling, he said, was the outcome of heavy duties on wine, spirits, tobacco, etc., piracies were the outcome of our high-priced music. He would no doubt have been interested to study the present iniquitous tax of two hundred per cent. upon whisky as against a twenty per cent. tax upon foreign wines imported into this country.

It was about this time that some wag hit upon a further device to draw attention to our position. Lord Balfour (then Mr. Balfour, and at that time Prime Minister) had just published a little treatise on Free and Fair Trade. It was in a paper cover, was very brief, and was published at 1s. Suddenly a pirated copy of this little work appeared on the streets, retailed at one penny. It contained a note by the editor on the front page, stating that the work educationally was of such value to the masses that it had been found necessary to bring out a

penny edition, the shilling edition putting it out of the reach of the average purchaser. Messrs. Longmans, the publishers of the original edition, immediately rang up the music publishers, asking first if we had seen the pirated copy, and particularly asking our advice as to how they could deal with the matter. Our reply was very short and to the point: "As we have not yet discovered a means to protect our music, it must be obvious to you we cannot suggest any method by which you can protect your book."

About the same time several of Kipling's poems were pirated and also put upon the streets at 1d. a copy. I read a statement in one of the journals the other day that those penny editions of Kipling's poems, being very rare, were being sold at £3 and £4 a piece, but I can hardly credit it.

The Acting Committee of the Musical Defence League already numbered among its names the following:

Sir C. Hubert H. Parry	Mr. Hamish MacCunn
Sir Alex. C. Mackenzie	Mr. Stephen Adams
Sir Chas. Villiers Stan-	Mr. Ivan Caryll
ford	Mr. Edward German
M. André Messager	Mr. Lionel Monckton
Signor F. Paolo Tosti	Mr. Paul A. Rubens
Mr. T. Stanley Chappell	Mr. Sidney Jones
Sir Edward Elgar	Mr. Leslie Stuart
Dr. F. H. Cowen	Mr. David Day
Dr. W. H. Cummings	

Mr. Alfred Littleton
(*Chairman, Messrs. Novello & Co., Ltd.*)

Mr. Arthur Boosey
(*Messrs. Boosey & Co.*)

Mr. W. H. Leslie

(Managing Director, Messrs. John Broadwood & Sons, Ltd.)

Mr. J. Herbert Marshall, J.P.

(President, Provincial Music Trades Association)

Mr. William Boosey

(Managing Director, Messrs. Chappell & Co., Ltd.)

An indignation meeting was organised by them at the Queen's Hall to protest against the continued neglect of the authorities to protect the property of the composers. They also organised a petition to Parliament, which eventually numbered some hundreds of signatures. A few names taken at random are given here to illustrate how widespread at last was the realisation of the public as to the nature and justice of the agitation:

Sir Lawrence Alma
Tadema

Professor Hubert von
Herkomer

Sir Henry Irving

Sir Squire Bancroft

Sir A. Conan Doyle

Sir A. C. Mackenzie

Professor Ray Lankester

Madame Melba

Miss Marie Corelli

Mr. Arthur Bouchier

Mr. Cyril Maude

Mr. George Alexander

The Countess of Gains-
borough

The Countess of Lucan

The Marquis of Down-
shire

Lord Arthur Hill

Lady Arthur Hill

Mr. W. S. Gilbert

Mr. Rudyard Kipling

Captain Basil Hood

Mr. Sidney Grundy

Mr. Louis N. Parker

Mr. W. W. Jacobs

Mr. Jerome K. Jerome

Mr. Anthony Hope

Mr. Israel Zangwill

Mr. John Hare

Mr. Fred Terry

Mr. Arthur Collins

But among all the names one stands out prominently as that of the man without whose aid all our efforts might have been in vain. That man was the late T. P. O'Connor. He was an enthusiast, he loved music, and above all he loved championing a cause which had for its incentive the protection of the weak against the strong.

He assisted in drafting the Bill of 1906, and by his influence induced the Government to star the Bill, which indicated that, although a private Bill, it had their full support.

The session was nearly at an end. Had we not forced our Bill through that session, the whole of our work at the next session would have had to be gone over again. The Bill passed the third reading in the House of Commons, and all it required was the confirmation of the House of Lords and the royal assent. We had arrived, however, at the last night of the session, and apparently the House of Lords was not sitting. A special meeting of the House of Lords was called. T. P. himself told me it was the only occasion, to his knowledge, that the House of Lords had been summoned to pass a private Bill. Three members of the House of Lords attended. I think it was Lord Ribblesdale who introduced the Bill. Our difficulties were not yet at an end. It had to be laid on the table of the House of Commons before the morning, otherwise the royal assent could not have been obtained. By some extraordinary coincidence it was the one night that the House of Commons adjourned at a comparatively early hour. T. P. was just in time, as the House was being locked up for the night, to get hold of one of the clerks of the House of Commons, and with his assistance to slip through the door and lay our Bill upon the table. The curtain was then rung down. We gave a dinner

to T. P. to celebrate his great achievement, His Grace the late Duke of Argyll kindly consenting to take the chair. Among those present were:

Sir Alexander Mackenzie (<i>Chairman of Committee</i>)	T. E. Scrutton, Esq., K.C.
The Earl of Plymouth	J. M. Le Sage, Esq.
The Earl of Lytton	H. Beerbohm Tree, Esq.
Viscount Knutsford	George Alexander, Esq.
Lord Balcarras, M.P.	A. W. Pinero, Esq.
Lord Monkswell	J. Comyns Carr, Esq.
Lord Burnham	J. M. Barrie, Esq.
Sir Edward H. Carson, K.C., M.P.	M. André Messenger
Sir Harry B. Poland, K.C.	Signor F. Paolo Tosti
Sir Charles Wyndham	Edward German, Esq.
Sir C. Hubert Parry	Hamish MacCunn, Esq.
Sir Charles Villiers Stan- ford	Ivan Caryll, Esq.
Sir Edward Elgar	Lionel Monckton, Esq.
Sir Ernest Clarke	Leslie Stuart, Esq.
Sir J. Herbert Marshall	Michael Maybrick, Esq.
C. B. Stuart-Wortley, Esq., K.C., M.P.	Paul A. Rubens, Esq.
Horace E. Ivory, Esq., K.C.	Sidney Jones, Esq.
	Howard Talbot, Esq.
	Landon Ronald, Esq.
	Bernard Partridge, Esq.
	T. Anstey Guthrie, Esq.
	Henry J. Wood, Esq.

T. P., in his speech after dinner, stated that but for me there would have been no Copyright Act of 1906. He was far too generous. I did not spare myself, but the victory was his, and he deserved all the credit.

In 1911, when the long-overdue Copyright Bill was passed, all preceding Copyright Acts were

annulled, with the exception of our two little Acts of 1902 and 1906. The curious position, therefore, now is that it is a criminal offence by statute to pirate music, but only a civil offence to pirate books and other forms of art copyright.

CHAPTER XIV

GEORGE EDWARDES

It is impossible to complete these memoirs without devoting a whole chapter to that remarkable man, George Edwardes.

I met him first of all when he was acting manager for the Cartes at the Savoy Theatre. When he left them they were not able to give him a benefit, as I believe it was against the rule of the theatre, but I believe they treated him very generously. He then proceeded to invent the entertainment which was practically his own creation. He produced light go-as-you-please farces with music. *In Town* was the first of them to make good with the public. The book of this production was by Basil Hood, and in it Arthur Roberts made a notable success.

Edwardes always had a curious way of producing his pieces; one might almost say that half of them were written on the stage. By degrees he extended his operations, and eventually we found him in complete command at Daly's Theatre, having justly gained a reputation for producing the most lavish, beautiful, and entertaining musical comedies that had ever been put upon the London stage.

One may say that he invented the term "musical comedy"; but, when his big success came, his productions were altogether on a broader scale. He produced the very best works by English composers of light music that were procurable, and he also opened

his theatre and theatres to all the recognised big successes of the Continent, including more particularly the run of theatrical hits that owed their origin to Vienna and Budapest.

He had an unfailing *flair* for pretty faces. The ladies of his choruses were always the prettiest and most elegant girls that even this wonderful country can provide. They were always a source of wonder to Continental managers, whose chorus ladies naturally were built on entirely different lines.

He had an equal taste in costume and scenery, and never lost sight of the extreme importance of having strong comic relief in each of the operas he produced.

If I were asked what was the final reason of his success as a producer, I should be inclined to say it was his extraordinary gift in knowing what to discard.

He very often made a slight mistake in selecting numbers which did not come up to his expectations, but he invariably was able to tell at rehearsal such numbers as he knew would not please the public, and, the moment he formed his decision, these numbers were ruthlessly cut.

Daly's Theatre, of course, was his own speculation. At the Gaiety Theatre he was managing director of the Gaiety Company. He also produced several successes at the Prince of Wales' Theatre. The direction of these three theatres gave him a commanding control of the best artistes. All of our best composers of light music wrote for him, and, in addition to Harry and Percy Greenbank as lyric authors, he had enlisted the services of that very serious Cambridge don, Arthur Ropes, better known for his brilliantly witty verses under the name of Adrian Ross.

Previously to George Edwardes' directorship of the Gaiety Theatre, John Hollingshead had been in management there. Hollingshead was first of all a literary man, and upon the staff of *Punch*. It seemed an odd freak of fortune that transformed him into the manager of a burlesque theatre. But for a time he was very successful at the Gaiety with Nellie Farren, Connie Gilchrist, Kate Vaughan, Edward Terry, and Royce. Meyer Lutz, with his brilliant orchestra and his famous *pas de quatre*, was a conspicuous figure in those days. My last memory of Hollingshead was when he was manager of the then famous Corinthian Club (now the Sports Club), where all the young bloods of their time collected for supper and dancing. Very smart it was. I have known nothing like it since. Perhaps, however, the eyes of youth lent an extra glamour to it. Hollingshead had a supper-party there one night – one among many – and introduced me to a noble lord who, he informed me, was a lineal descendant of a great nobleman at the time of the Armada. I had a very quaint American with me named Drake, and I assured the company he was a lineal descendant of Sir Francis. I am afraid the deception was too transparent.

Edwardes also made an early success at the Gaiety with those wonderful artistes, Nellie Farren and Fred Leslie. I believe there was a good deal of jealousy between them at first, but they soon learnt to appreciate each other's sterling qualities.

In succession to them, Edwardes by degrees built up that wonderful company that, in the new Gaiety Theatre, helped themselves, or were helped by their manager, to success after success.

Seymour Hicks was in the heyday of his vivacity – in fact, he has changed very little since. My charming

little friend, Ella, was a wonderful foil to him. I never see a little piece of string without thinking of her! When I was first married we lived at Bedford Park. She was living there also, and I danced with her when she was twelve years old. Yes, I am much older than she is. She never seems to have grown up in the hard sense of the word. Lucky Seymour! Seymour was and is a marvellous fellow. He once sold me an operetta entitled *Captain Kidd*. There was a lot of "kidd" about it. I had scarcely recovered from this first blow when he sold me another operetta, *Cash on Delivery*. He produced this under the title of *C.O.D.*, so with "Kidd" and "Cod" I was amply provided for. And yet no one believes in the simplicity of music publishers.

Kitty Seymour, Teddy Payne, Arthur Lonnen, George Grossmith – what a foil to Teddy Payne – fascinating Gertie Millar, Connie Ediss, who would frequently smoke a big black cigar at a morning rehearsal: what names to conjure with! It is only necessary to add to these attractions the names of Monckton and Caryll with their delightful numbers, and Ivan Caryll in the Gaiety orchestra as a prince of light-opera conductors!

We must not forget, also, Olive May and Rosie Boot, both of whom still grace the peerage. Then there was Maggie Fraser, who when she donned Scotch kilts made you feel you would be quite prepared to live on haggis for the remainder of your life, if you might be permitted to share it with her. Grace Palotta, too, was inimitable in Lionel Monckton's "Soldiers in the Park."

I remember during the Boer War all these girls rehearsing a new song by Lionel Monckton, "When the Boys Come Home Once More." One of the verses ran:

*O girls, only tell us this,
Is there nothing that you miss?
Aren't you longing for a kiss
When the boys come home once more?*

It was too much for the poor girls, they burst into tears, and the rehearsal had to be held up until they had pulled themselves together. Poor little dears, if they could have foreseen the Great War that came after.

At Daly's Theatre we had an equal galaxy of talent. We had Marie Tempest, Maggie May, Evie Greene, Letty Lind, Lily Elsie, and that most charming of women, Lilian Eldee, who had considerable literary ability, and was responsible for the English lyrics of Messenger's little masterpiece, *Veronique*.

Hayden Coffin was in his prime, Huntley Wright inimitable; George Huntley; in due course Berry, in fact every artiste of note in the light opera world, was at our command.

Arthur Roberts, as before stated, had made a big hit in *In Town*, one of George Edwardes' first successes. Roberts had, however, previously, in addition to his success in pantomime, appeared in light opera under Farnie's management. Prince Soltykoff at that time was much interested in the theatre.

Had one space, there are many delightful tales to tell of George Edwardes. I remember on one occasion George Graves had made his first big success in a light opera at the Prince of Wales' – the music, if I remember rightly, by Leslie Stuart – in which Graves played a peppery old colonel with a very rough cough. George Graves was rehearsing a new piece, and did not like his part. He came up to Edwardes on the stage and said: "Governor, this is an awful part; I can make nothing of it." Edwardes

took the script in his hand, and said: "My dear boy, what is the matter with it? It is a beautiful part. Why don't you make that funny little noise you made as the colonel in the last production here?" George Graves looked at me, and we could not help smiling.

Poor Edwardes was very muddled up when Tolstoi died. Arthur Cohen came into his room and said: "Have you seen, George, that poor Tolstoi is dead?" Edwardes replied: "Is he? What a pity! Such a charming fellow! What was that lovely song he wrote — 'Good-bye, My Love, for ever'?" The idea of Tolstoi writing one of Tosti's love ballads also appealed to my risible faculties.

I must also tell a golfing tale which Edwardes was responsible for and which was quite a classic in golfing circles. I was playing golf with Edwardes at Aldeburgh. We were neither of us quite in the front rank. At the second hole, I sliced, and he pulled, and it was quite a long time before we met again on the second green. "How many, George?" said I. "The same number as you, Willie," he replied. As he had not seen me since I left the tee, I thought it was very clever of him. Edwardes then addressed his ball for a putt, and said: "Like as we lie." I turned round to Paul Rubens, who was walking round with us, and said: "Like as we lie be d——d, it's lie as we like!" Paul Rubens subsequently put this into one of his lyrics in the *Three Little Maids*:

*Golf is a game where you're like as you lie,
You can lie as you like if you will.*

"That's mine," I said to Paul. "Yes," he replied, but it comes in very well here. Not that Paul Rubens had any occasion to depend upon others for his wit. I remember when he was in a nursing home off the

Marylebone Road, and I said, by way of cheering him up: "After all, Paul, you have a charming view from this window. Here in front of you is the temple of Castor and Pollux." I was referring to a curious church with a Greek dome. Paul in a flash replied: "Castor Oil and Pollux!"

Speaking of George Edwardes and his tact with artistes reminds me of Gus Harris. Gus was sitting at his managerial desk when Barton McGuckin, the tenor, in an evident fury, invaded the sanctum. It was during a dress rehearsal, I think of *Nadeshda* by Goring Thomas. Barton was indignant at a helmet he had been given to wear; said it made him look an idiot. Gus put it on his own head, with a beautiful smile. "What is the matter with it?" said Gus. "Do I look an idiot?" No one understood all these little managerial artifices better than George Edwardes.

It is curious how the opera *Dorothy* originated. As far as I remember, owing to some stage dispute, B. C. Stephenson had to write his libretto to the music already written by Alfred Cellier. George Edwardes first produced *Dorothy*, and the original cast consisted of Marion Hood as soprano, Redfern Hollins as the tenor, Hayden Coffin, and, of course, Arthur Williams. The opera met with no success originally, but Henry Leslie saw it and thought he could make a success with it. At one time, Henry Leslie looked like becoming a big light-opera manager. He died most unhappily at New York, becoming blind before his troubles ended.

Anyhow, Leslie put Marie Tempest into the title rôle of *Dorothy*, and substituted Ben Davies for Redfern Hollins. This, of course, gave him a tremendously strong cast. At the last moment, Tom Chappell, who was publishing the opera, said to

Leslie: "You have got a singer, Coffin, who has just made a big success, and you have not got a single song for him in the opera." Tom Chappell ransacked the shelves that contained derelict compositions by various composers, and discovered a printed copy of the famous song, "Queen of my Heart," actually written by Alfred Cellier, which had lain on the shelves for years and was absolutely unsaleable. He and Alfred Cellier took this song down to the management, and, in due course, Coffin sang it and made an enormous success with it.

Coffin had just previously made his stage debut in an opera by the young American, William Fullerton, and had immediately established himself as a favourite with the public.

There is no doubt that the introduction of this one song largely contributed to the opera's eventual success.

B. C. Stephenson, the librettist, was a very interesting man. It was he who was originally responsible for the acquiring of a royal charter for Lloyds, the famous insurance centre in the City.

I was always informed that B. C. Stephenson had many years previously acted as private secretary in turn to Disraeli and Gladstone, but I was never able to verify this. He had also written a good many adaptations of French plays. He was always ready to tell you a good tale, even if it was against himself.

I remember his telling me one of his experiences which I never forgot. He had just produced an English version of a famous play by Sardou, which he entitled *Peril*. He told me that one morning he was walking along Piccadilly when he met a friend of his. His friend said: "By Jove, Stephenson, that play *Peril* of yours is immense." Stephenson felt

fearfully flattered and said: "Do you like it, old man?" "Like it? I never miss a performance of it. I am there every night." Stephenson was in the seventh heaven. "Yes, old man," his friend continued. "You know that scene in the boudoir, when the two are on the sofa? I always feel that, one night, something might happen, and I should not like not to be there!"

The death of George Edwardes found Messrs. Chappell & Co. with a considerable holding in shares in the Adelphi Theatre, which Edwardes had been managing, and a further holding in shares in the Gaiety Theatre Company. I was chairman of the Adelphi Company, and had to consider what programme to adopt. Edwardes had had a big success with *The Quaker Girl*, by Monckton. The first thing I did was to engage W. H. Berry for the theatre. We then produced a light opera, *Tina*. Most of the music – and very delightful it was – was by Paul Rubens. Haydn Wood also wrote some very pretty numbers for us. The book of *Tina* was founded upon a very clever Hungarian libretto, but here again the adaptation was far from giving me satisfaction. We had a very strong company – among others, that sweet actress and singer, Phyllis Dare; a gallant young baritone, Godfrey Tearle; Mabel Sealby, and, last but not least, our old friend Berry. Incidentally, also, I gave Margaret Bannerman, in *Tina*, her first appearance on the stage.

Almost at the same time I had to find a programme for the Gaiety Theatre, which was in very low water. George Grossmith and Paul Rubens were very anxious to produce a new work of their own. I, however, with my frequent experiences of the result of weak librettos and charming music,

was not satisfied with the prospect. Fortunately, about this time, I happened to be in Berlin. I was at the Hotel Bristol, a most comfortable hotel, famous for its wonderful lunches. One afternoon in the lounge I heard the orchestra in a fascinating intermezzo. I immediately asked the name of it, and was informed it was a well-known number from a very popular German operetta entitled *The Opera Ball*. Oddly enough, I had never heard of this opera. I looked through the opera, and found that the intermezzo, from a popular point of view, was the only number that appealed to me. What I did discover, however, was the fact that the libretto of the opera was none other than our famous old farce, *The Pink Dominoes*. Here, I thought, is our subject for the Gaiety, with one of Paul Rubens' sparkling scores to make sure of a triumph. I think my friend George Grosssmith, will remember I had a terrible struggle to convert him and Paul Rubens to my way of thinking. But I succeeded at last, with the result that *To-night's the Night* re-established the Gaiety, and saved the situation financially. Meanwhile, I persuaded Sir Alfred Butt to come along and join our two boards. I was much too busy with other matters, and had no intention of devoting my attention entirely to theatrical management. The piece I wanted to produce at the Adelphi – and I had much opposition from my friend Pat Malone – was *High Jinks*. It had a big part for Berry, made a great success, and re-established the theatre. Alfred Butt followed this with his irresistible production of *The Boy*, the joint work of Pinero and Lionel Monckton. Eventually, Alfred Butt brought us along a wonderful offer for our shares in the two theatres, and we all came to the conclusion we could not do better than accept it.

One of the great successes I made for Chappell's was the acquiring of a half-interest in the lease of the Lyric Theatre, in which it will be remembered that William Greet and Engelbach were joint lessees and held a sub-lease. When Greet died, Engelbach said to me: "Would Chappell's care to take his half-interest?" as he, Engelbach, was very old and did not care to be saddled with the whole responsibility. On behalf of Chappell's, I accepted his offer.

At this time, Doris Keane had just produced her famous *Romance* at the Duke of York's Theatre, and it had not immediately caught on with the public, so Engelbach suggested that we should bring it up to the Lyric, which we did, and we all know what a phenomenal success the play had.

Our general policy at the Lyric has been to let the theatre. By letting it we could always show a substantial profit.

One of our directors, I remember, was very careful of the pennies. One morning he was going out of the office to get a shave. He suddenly remembered it was Queen Alexandra's Rose Day, and he had not a rose. He borrowed a rose from one of the clerks!

While on the subject of Greet and Engelbach, owing to circumstances which for the moment are not very fresh in my mind, Messrs. Chappell found themselves sharing a lease of the Savoy Theatre with Greet and Engelbach upon the death of D'Oyly Carte. We did not hold the theatre very long, but one of our experiences in connection with the theatre was such that it is extremely difficult to give an explanation of it.

We revived from time to time all the various Gilbert and Sullivan operas with their original casts, and we never succeeded in giving any revival that was good for more than a six or seven weeks'

run. Some considerable time afterwards, when I was associated with George Edwardes on the board of the Adelphi Theatre, I suggested to him that, as the Gilbert and Sullivan operas were playing to big business in the provinces, it might be worth while to once more attempt a revival of the series at the Adelphi Theatre. George Edwardes would not hear of the idea, and said that the attraction of the operas, at all events in London, was finished.

After George Edwardes' death, when I was again puzzled for a while as to what we should do with the Adelphi, I returned to my old belief, and thought I would like to try the revivals which Edwardes had some time previously turned down. I approached Rupert Carte on the subject, but he said he could not do any business, as he meant eventually to produce the operas in London himself. As we all remember, he has since fulfilled his intention, and has had the most amazing success with the London revivals.

At another time I had intended to bring a French company to the Lyric to give some performances of the big Paris success, *Ta Bouche*. Just before signing the contracts, I was informed that the Lord Chamberlain could not license the piece, even in French. The Lord Chamberlain gave me an interview, and was most courteous. He seemed amused when I told him I thought anything might pass in French. He asked me why I thought so, and I said because some amazing plays in French introduced by Sacha Guitry had passed the censorship. My efforts, however, were all in vain. The book of *Ta Bouche* was quite possible. The lyrics, I admit, were very daring. The musical score was a little gem.

How is it that some actresses preserve the gift of never growing old? Phyllis Broughton possessed this

gift in an extraordinary degree. I very well remember my last meeting with her. I was taking a train up from Margate, I believe. On taking my seat and looking round, I perceived a very charming lady sitting in the corner of the Pullman. I said to myself, "There is no mistaking who that fellow passenger is." Some of us will, no doubt, remember Phyllis Broughton invariably on all occasions wore a dark red carnation. There was Phyllis, and there was her carnation. I said to her, "Phyllis, your carnation betrays you." She did not look a day older than when I first knew her. I asked her whether, on arriving at Victoria, I could give her a lift in my car. She said it was unnecessary, as she was always met by a four-wheeled cabman, who had a white horse and whose name was George. She said he was an old pensioner of hers.

She informed me there was only one occasion when she felt uncommonly like a snob. She had been to some big garden-party—I think at the Rothschilds—and, on coming away, flunkeys were fetching up one by one the big imposing cars. A flunkey came to her and said, "Can I call your car, madame?" She said, "Yes, call George." Whereupon George, with his white horse, appeared upon the scene of splendour!

On getting out, eventually, I saw George right enough, and safely deposited Phyllis in her coach. It was only three or four weeks afterwards that I read of her death.

Another actress who has the gift of never growing old is Germaine Gallois. I met her at lunch one day during her last appearance in London with Sacha Guitry and the delightful Yvonne Printemps. They were playing in *L'Amour Masqué*.

I have known Madame Gallois for some years. It

was always a great regret to me that I had never heard in Paris the score which I always understood was one of André Messager's most happy efforts in the lighter school of music he occasionally permitted himself to indulge in. I refer to *Isoline*. Part of my regret was owing to the fact that, in this production, Germaine Gallois had appeared in the rôle of Venus, and I had not seen her in it. She always was Venus, and, judging from my most recent experience, she still retains her invincible title.

Certain stage beauties seem to possess the gift of defying the march of time. Just such another was Marie Studholme.

The last occasion that I met Gertie Millar and Lily Elsie was at the first performance of the delightful little Evelyn Laye in *Bitter Sweet*, when that charming artiste, Peggy Wood, had to retire for two or three weeks after a long and strenuous run of over 500 nights in Noël Coward's opera. Both Gertie Millar, in severe black, and Lily Elsie were present, and, quite apart from any question of dates, one could not have met two more charming types of delightful English womanhood.

CHAPTER XV

COMPOSERS WHOM I HAVE KNOWN

I FIND it impossible to fill in various gaps in connection with my work for Chappell & Co. without referring to the many ventures which I made in connection with the Italian composer, Franco Leoni. Leoni was originally brought from Italy by Barton McGuckin, the tenor, who considered he might have a good chance of making a career for himself in this country.

I published songs for Leoni at Boosey's, and subsequently some further songs at Chappell's.

I then got him to write a choral work on the subject of *Sardanapalus*. This work was given at the Queen's Hall with soloists, chorus, and orchestra, but the performance was rather a scratch one.

I then introduced him to Messrs. Novello & Co., who gave him a choral work to write entitled *The Gates of Life*.

This work was done at the Albert Hall, and extremely well received by the public, but fiercely assailed by the critics.

I believe it is at present one of Novello & Co.'s most popular standard choral works.

After this I asked Leoni to make a musical setting for the opera stage of Basil Hood's charming play, *Ib and Christina*, founded upon Hans Andersen's story.

We had this work performed at the Savoy

Theatre, but it was a little beyond the compass of a light-opera theatre ; we therefore gave some special matinées of it at Daly's Theatre, during George Edwardes' régime, with a very strong cast, who gave a very fine reproduction of the work. Susan Strong, Edna Thornton, Ben Davies, and Gordon Cleather were in the second production. They were all good, and Ben Davies just delightful.

Some time afterwards, Hedmondt, the tenor, produced a grand opera version of *Rip van Winkle*, also composed by Leoni, at His Majesty's Theatre. Meanwhile, I took Leoni over to Paris and got Albert Carré to give him an audition of *Ib and Christina*, with a view to its being produced at the Opéra Comique. Albert Carré accepted the work.

I also introduced Leoni to the Covent Garden people, and they produced the opera of his entitled *L'Oracolo*, which had considerable success, and which Scotti, the baritone, made quite popular in America.

Subsequent to this, I had an opera of his, *Tzigane*, on a gipsy subject, presented at the Opera House at Genoa.

Finally, I organised, on behalf of Messrs. Chappell, a big choir and orchestra for the production of great choral works at the Queen's Hall. Leoni was the conductor.

He there produced a very big sacred work entitled *Golgotha*, for full choir and orchestra, and with the additional advantage of Maggie Teyte, Clara Butt, Gervase Elwes, and Kennerley Rumford in the leading solo parts.

Meanwhile, Albert Carré was not able to produce *Ib and Christina*, owing to the difficulty of finding children to play the two important rôles, which had to be rendered by little people. He therefore

accepted, in place of *Ib and Christina*, a version by Leoni of *Paolo and Francesca*. This work was eventually produced at the Opéra Comique.

I am not aware as to what other works Leoni has produced since he left England and returned to Italy.

I shall never forget my first meeting with Mario Costa. Mario Costa's great-uncle, Sir Michael Costa, had been a very famous figure in the English musical world, many years before my time, as a great conductor. Mario Costa made his debut before the English public – or, rather, I should say, the English smart set – in conjunction with our delightful friend Paolo Tosti. These two used to sing duets together at all the smart Society functions, and were very much sought after. Mario Costa perhaps shared with Tosti the reputation of being the most popular song-writer in Italy. He is best known to our public, in a popular sense, by his famous “*Francesca*” march. André Wormser, a most gifted musician and composer, had produced at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, London, his marvellous little play, *L'Enfant Prodigue*, a pantomime in music without words. This play was an entire novelty at the time. The work was assisted by a small orchestra, and the musical standard of the whole production was very high. Subsequently, another play upon similar lines was given at the Prince of Wales' Theatre, I think, by Lowenfeld. This was *L'Histoire d'un Pierrot*, by Mario Costa, which had achieved a great popularity abroad. Following immediately upon Wormser's work, it had not the same appeal by way of novelty, and, of course, Wormser was a musician of extraordinary attainments. The qualities, however, that Mario Costa's work did contain were those of the purest form of melody and intensely

sympathetic and moving themes. The work made a profound impression on me, and I made up my mind to meet the composer.

Costa was in Paris at the time, and on my next visit to Paris I wired to him to come and see me — in fact, to dine with me. He missed the first appointment, but next morning I, having been rather late the previous evening, was informed by my waiter that Signor Mario Costa was coming upstairs to make himself known to me. I was only just awoken from my slumbers, and did not feel like receiving any kind of composer, but it was too late to hold up the entrance of Mario. I sprang out of bed and flung a Burberry round me, and Mario gazed at me in amazement. "Why," he said, "I thought you would be a Jew publisher with a black beard, and you are a sportsman!" Anything less like a sportsman than I felt at that moment cannot be imagined. Anyhow, be that as it may, we became the greatest of friends, and the next three or four days we spent wandering about Paris, sitting about till all hours of the morning and talking of the various forms of art that interested both of us. These were the days before taxis existed. We had a dilapidated victoria, driven by a weird English coachman, probably well known to many habitués of the Paris of that date. His name was William, and the animal that was associated with him was a mare which he informed us was known as Louise Michel. Mario and I agreed that Louise Michel went much more *piano* than her namesake.

I could tell many delightful tales of our adventures, but I fear these memoirs are already becoming too lengthy, so I will only add that I spent many years doing my utmost to secure for my loyal little friend the recognition which I was sure he was

entitled to. We eventually did produce his opera, *Capitaine Fracasse*, at the Opera House in Turin. This same work has been rewritten and strengthened, and has been revived at Monte Carlo with great success last December.

It was finally completed and scored when I was living at Streatley-on-Thames. I had a sweet little house in Streatley Wood and, incidentally, two gardeners' cottages. In one of these I installed Mario, and there he resided until he was able to show me his work was absolutely completed.

Mario Costa has this supreme quality, which is shared by so many brilliant men – his extraordinary simplicity and a heart which obstinately refuses to grow old with the march of years. He admits himself that he has made big sums of money for Choudens, Ricordi's, and other publishers, and that the house that has endeavoured to treat him with all possible generosity is the only house that has not financially benefited from the wonderful gifts he possesses.

Among these brief sketches of character, I cannot pass over a generous tribute to Paul Rubens. He was educated at Winchester and Oxford. He had a most engaging personality. He was generosity itself, and charming to all the world. It was the greatest pleasure to me to work for him and to help him as much as I was able. He had a wonderful gift of refined, joyous, and delicate melody. Like Lionel Monckton, he was never banal. He also had an extraordinary gift for writing very brilliant lyrics with very witty ideas. Such lyrics as "The Miller's Daughter," "I Loved Her in Velvet," and many more are not easily forgotten. I often begged him to spend a little more time in polishing them, but that was not in his nature. He occasionally wrote his own

librettos, but I do not think he was so happy in this direction. He had not Noël Coward's extraordinary sense of the theatre and gift for what is drama, humorous or otherwise. He was a gentleman in the purest and most delicate sense of the word, and it was a terrible blow to his many friends when he passed away from us at so comparatively early an age.

Lionel Monckton was also a very old friend of mine, and a very strange character. He was at Charterhouse at the time I was, and he subsequently migrated to Oxford. By nature he was somewhat caustic in style and distinctly a cynic, but in his business relations with me I always found him the fairest and most reasonable man I could hope to deal with. He had an extraordinary gift of melody, as we all of us still remember, and he also at times was wonderfully happy in his lyrics. He wanted knowing, but when you knew him you could rely upon him, and he was very loyal.

Ivan Caryll was, perhaps, one of the most extraordinary characters, certainly as a musician and composer, that I ever met in the light-opera world. He was generous to a fault, he had not the slightest idea of the value of money, in fact he only used it for the entertainment and enjoyment of himself and his friends. Wherever he took up his quarters, either on the Riviera, in Long Island, America, or elsewhere, you always found him installed in a palatial residence. On one occasion, I remember, he spent his morning walking about the boulevards in Paris meeting various acquaintances and asking them all to dine with him at La Rue's the same evening. I do not think I am exaggerating if I say that we sat down to dinner numbering not less than forty guests. He was extraordinarily clever in making contracts

with managers for the production of his operas – in fact, he made far more contracts than even his industry and rapidity of work enabled him to fulfil. He was an excellent judge of a scenario or play, which stood him in good stead on several occasions. His success with May Yohe in *Little Christopher Columbus* was remarkable, and one must not forget how happy was his collaboration with Lionel Monckton for many years at the Gaiety. I maintain, without hesitation, that he was one of the finest conductors of light opera I ever met. He was not only so exceptional in the brightness and brilliance of his orchestra, but he knew how to produce a perfect ensemble between his orchestra and the artistes on the stage, and it must be remembered that the artistes in this particular kind of work are not all possessed of wonderful voices, and many of them required a lot of nursing. It is not impossible he found the process of nursing some of them very pleasant! There were some very pretty women at the Gaiety. At one time it looked as though he really had outrun the constable, but he eventually made good with the extraordinary success of *The Pink Lady*, which enabled him to clear off all his liabilities and start the world afresh.

The score of his which Ivan Caryll always looked upon as indicating the high-water mark of his talent was the opera which George Edwardes produced entitled *The Duchess of Dantzig*. It will be remembered that this was the opera in which Evie Greene made such a big success – in what we may call the prototype in music of Sardou's great play, *Madame Sans-Gêne*, so brilliantly presented by Madame Réjane. The production of this play also gave me an opportunity to make the acquaintance of Sardou himself. I was always most anxious to meet him, as

I had such an admiration of his work. I remember we had a long talk about *The Duchess of Dantzig*. I was explaining to Sardou that George Edwardes, when producing *The Duchess of Dantzig*, went to enormous expense because he would insist on all the furniture upon the stage not being imitation but real. I remember Sardou saying how very foolish it seemed. "After all," said Sardou, "the theatre is an imitation of life, it is not life itself, and obviously imitation furniture serves its purpose every bit as well as would the furniture were it genuinely old and of the period."

I remember that at that time we still heard a good deal indirectly of the famous Dreyfus case. As is well known, Sardou and Zola were two of the foremost champions on behalf of Dreyfus. There was also a mysterious veiled lady, often referred to in the French *Figaro*, who was helping Sardou and Zola to unravel certain mysteries. The story is that, when Dreyfus' innocence was established, Sardou asked this little lady what they could do for her to show their appreciation of the help she had given. Her reply was: "Maître, I have only one ambition in the world, and that is to write a successful play." I have heard it stated often that Sardou either made her a present of a scenario or assisted her in putting one together. Be that as it may, the lady did write a very successful play, which was not only produced in Paris, but in London also.

At one time Ivan Caryll was collaborating very frequently with George R. Sims, whom I knew very well. They wrote a light opera, *Dandy Dick Whittington*, which was produced at the old Avenue Theatre, and from which we hoped great things which did not mature. It was about this time that George Sims gave a dinner at Verrey's, the oldest French

restaurant in London, older even than the famous Café Royal. The dinner was to celebrate George Sims' success with his prize bulldog at the big show of the year. An effigy of the dog, in ice, graced the centre of the table. I remember that I could make nothing of my neighbour on the right, who lived in Kensington Palestine Gardens and apparently was a millionaire. I tried him on every subject, sport, theatres, books, politics – no response. At the end of dinner I unearthed his secret. He informed me that he went in for breeding bulldogs, and that the process was so absorbing he had no leisure or desire to interest himself in any other subject. I wonder if he is still breeding!

CHAPTER XVI

THE COPYRIGHT ACT OF 1911

IN discussing the Copyright Act of 1911 it is important to remember that no comprehensive Copyright Act had been passed by Great Britain since the year 1842. It is extremely unlikely that the Copyright Bill of 1911 would have found its way on to the statute book except that the Government were compelled to pass an up-to-date Act, enabling them to become signatories to the famous Berne Convention, which was a convention signed by all the principal European Powers for the protection of international copyright.

The Government, as a first step, appointed a Royal Commission to report on the whole subject of copyright with a view to giving them guidance as to the wisest provisions that should be made in the new Act, which was obviously necessary. The Commission consisted of the following:

Lord Gorell
L. Alma-Tadema
G. R. Askwith
H. Granville Barker
William Boosey
C. W. Bowerman
Henry R. Clayton
Henry Cust

E. Cutler
Anthony Hope Hawkins
W. Joynson-Hicks
Algernon Law
Frederick Macmillan
Walter Raleigh
T. E. Scrutton
E. Trevor Ll. Williams

The only name of importance missing was that of T. P. O'Connor, who fought so hard for the protection of musical copyright. He was unavoidably absent abroad at the time this enquiry took place.

In many respects the 1911 Act was an admirable act when first drafted, but, unfortunately, on its passage through the House of Commons – and more particularly through one of those lethal chambers which are called House of Commons Committees, and consist generally of some forty members totally ignorant of the subject they are discussing – the unhappy Bill when finally returned to the House was so torn to pieces and dilapidated that it was obvious certain of its provisions when brought into a court of law would bewilder the most brilliant judges that ever sat upon any Bench.

In the first place the Bill was in charge of Sir John Simon, and, so long as he was in charge of it, his admirable knowledge of his subject and his lucidity of expression prevented ignorant people from making the Bill grotesque by their various amendments. He, unfortunately, through stress of work, was called away at the most critical moment, and from that date onwards the unhappy Bill was tossed about from one ignorant person to another, and absolutely idiotic amendments were passed which we unfortunate people interested, who sat listening to the discussion in the committee room, were powerless to give any advice upon.

With regard to the original report of the commission to the Government, the point I wish to lay the greatest stress upon is that the whole of the commission, with one exception, that of Mr. Trevor Williams, chairman of the Gramophone Company, came to a definite conclusion that a composer's rights with regard to mechanical music should be on

exactly the same basis as were his rights with regard to the printed copy. This vital recommendation was absolutely ignored when the Bill had to be finally dealt with in the House of Commons. The gramophone companies, who have always been very ably represented in the House of Commons, brought forward a pathetic appeal that if the unhappy composer were to be allowed to be properly remunerated for the records of his composition, which were obviously going to seriously affect his profits on his printed copy, a grave injustice would be done to the workmen who were engaged in the manufacture of mechanical instruments. The Labour bugbear, as usual, terrified the Government.

A great many weeks were taken up in hearing evidence from every possible source as to the fair way of dealing with this newly created property in music. It would serve no useful purpose to give a long list of names of authors, composers, book publishers, and music publishers who all testified to the necessity of properly protecting music under the newly discovered conditions by which it was reproduced mechanically.

The question became so urgent that we petitioned Mr. Winston Churchill, who was then at the Board of Trade and a member of the Government, to receive a deputation from us on the question of mechanical music and how it affected composers' rights. I shall never forget the interview. Mr. Winston Churchill, with the rapidity which I suppose always characterises brilliant brains, stated at once that he did not consider the question at all complicated. He said he had evidence that experts could read pianola records of music without it being necessary to place the same upon the instrument which reproduced them. On the other hand, he said

he was satisfied that no one could read the gramophone records, and that it was necessary for them to be mechanically reproduced to give effect to the invention of the composer. He therefore said that, in his opinion, pianola records were an infringement of copyright and that gramophone discs were not. I stared in amazement at his decision, and, being still very young and inexperienced, I am afraid I lacked the courage to tell him what I thought of his amazing proposition. He was, however, as usual, perfectly satisfied with himself, and perfectly certain that he had found the solution of this difficult question. I asked him by what right gramophones could make money out of the composer's invention without paying, as apart from the question that the pianola would be infringing rights. He said he did not require to discuss it, it was obvious.

By some amazing tradition in Government offices, copyright matters at that date were in charge of the Board of Trade, who handled railways. What on earth railways had to do with artistic invention, goodness only knows. Possibly these wiseacres discovered some affinity between a train of thought and the ordinary locomotive. Anyhow, with such a view being held by a member of the Government who was responsible for artistic property and the protection of it, it is not surprising that the Act of 1911 was defaced, so far as mechanical music was concerned, with a tissue of absurdities.

As I before stated, the moment Sir John Simon had to abandon the unhappy Bill in the House of Commons committee, there was no hope for us. Amendment after amendment of an absolutely impossible nature was proposed by people totally ignorant of their subject, and in almost every case accepted. One of the worst offenders – although,

I have no doubt, with the most excellent intentions – was Mr. Josiah Wedgwood. The result was that the first time a dispute arose in connection with mechanical reproduction, and the point was raised in the law courts, the judges expressed themselves as totally unable to make head or tail of the meaning of the clauses which dealt with the reproduction of music mechanically. I refer, of course, in particular to the clauses under section 19 of the Copyright Act. It would serve no useful purpose to embark on a legal argument here as to the clauses which are appallingly inscrutable and idiotic. I fear they will remain on the statute book for many years before Parliament finds another opportunity to deal with this vital question. It is true the Act gave us the power after a certain number of years to petition the Board of Trade to revise the rates of payment payable on reproductions of copyright works, and this right of appeal we took advantage of very recently. After a long and tedious enquiry the Board of Trade awarded us an increase of a fraction of a penny.

The whole point is this. The composer should have the absolute right to deal with his mechanical rights as he has to deal with his printing rights, and it was a sheer robbery to place him in the condition he was placed in, by which, if he parted with his work, he had to part with it at a compulsory fixed percentage, no matter what its merit might be. Furthermore, the second injustice was that, if he parted with his right to one maker of records, he was compelled to part with his rights on the same terms to all other makers of records. The greatest hardship was that all these other record makers had the right to reproduce these compositions at any price they pleased. Consequently, they being only governed

by the necessity to pay the same rate of percentage that the more expensive records had to pay, the amount received by composers from the cheaper records was absolutely contemptible. What is even more grossly unfair is that the interpreter of a musical work, be he or she singer or violinist or instrumentalist, has absolute freedom of contract and can command any terms before granting permission for the reproduction of his or her rendering of the work on any mechanical instrument. In other words, artistes like Melba and Caruso could command thousands of pounds from the sale of records of Puccini's music, while the wonderful Act of 1911 only permitted Puccini to draw hundreds of pounds upon the same records.

It is necessary to note that it was only our wonderful legislators who contrived this humiliating position for the composers. None of the other signatories to the Berne Convention dreamt of placing their composers in so humiliating a position, although of course, so far as this country was concerned, they naturally could only obtain the same benefits that our composers obtained under our Act.

The only concession we have reason to be thankful for in connection with the Act is, therefore, as before stated, that it is still a criminal offence to pirate music, but only a civil offence to pirate books and other forms of artistic property. We trust that authors, artists, book publishers, etc., are content with their position.

I think it is not out of place to reproduce here a condensed article which I wrote for the *National Review* in March 1928, which seems to put in a concise form the present position of composers so far as mechanical music is concerned under the Copyright Act of 1911.

"MECHANICAL MUSIC

(*Published in the "National Review," March 1928*)

"Briefly, how far has the discovery and development of mechanical music affected the composer and his ability to earn an income commensurate with his talent.

"Fundamentally, the whole of the mechanical-instrument industry is based upon the creation of the composer. Without the composer, the gramophone industry would be non-existent.

"It is true the legislature gives the composer power to withhold his work altogether from mechanical reproduction, a proviso not to be lost sight of. But it then pronounces that, if he wishes to exercise the right granted him by statute, he shall only be permitted to do so under the most iniquitous conditions.

"It will be necessary, in the first place, to review the Act of Parliament under which authors and composers for the first time had their proprietary rights, so far as mechanical contrivances are concerned, recognised in the artistic property created by them.

"That Act was the Copyright Act of 1911, which, incidentally, with two exceptions, repealed all previously existing Copyright Acts.

"In the first place, to prepare the way for the new Act of 1911, the Government of 1909 appointed a Royal Commission, of which I was a member, to report upon the whole subject of copyright. With regard to the new and difficult question of the mechanical reproduction of musical and other copyrights, our recommendation was as follows:

“ ‘The committee, with one dissentient (the chairman of H.M.V.), have come to the conclusion that the author shall have freedom of action with regard to the exercise of his right.’

“Article 13 of the revised Berne Convention of 1908 expressly states:

“ ‘The authors of musical works shall have the exclusive right of authorising (1) the adaptation of those works to instruments which can produce them mechanically, (2) the public performance of the said works by means of these instruments.’

“At the Berlin Conference of 1908 the delegates made the following express declaration in connection with composers and mechanical instruments:

“ ‘In view of the wide field left open to mechanical instruments by the convention as regards works already published, it may be considered that, in future, composers should be put in a position to make their own terms with respect to their property, and that the differences between rival owners of mechanical instruments can best be settled on ordinary commercial lines.’

“This clause was subscribed to by Sir Henry Berne and Lord Askwith, who represented Great Britain at the Berlin Convention, and was recommended to our Government.

“These weighty recommendations, however, were defeated by a very clever parliamentary manipulation on the part of the gramophone people, who first of all pleaded that they were a young and struggling industry, and secondly

that, if the poor composer were to possess the same rights in his music in mechanical form as in its printed form, the public would be made to suffer by being deprived of the wonderful benefits accruing from an admittedly marvellous invention.

“What was the result? The Legislature, by a series of amazing provisions in section 19 of the new Act, after admitting that the composer had the same rights in the mechanical reproduction of his work as in the printed copy, immediately proceeded to rob him of those rights. He was first of all informed that his rights must be subject to a compulsory licence; that, if he gave permission to one record manufacturer to make use of his property, he must grant permission to all manufacturers. He was further informed that he must submit to a compulsory remuneration of 5 per cent. on the marked price of the record. If his composition occupied only one side of the record and another composer occupied the other side, he must accept $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the marked price. Furthermore, and this is one of the wickedest features of the section, he had no control as to the price at which the record should be published. Should a popular composition of his be published on a 3s. record, and he receive his miserable 5 per cent. or $2\frac{1}{2}$ per cent. on the same, there was nothing to prevent the manufacturer round the corner publishing the same record at 1s., giving him in proportion the same paltry percentage, and ruining the sale of the more expensive record. It is true that the Government, by a benevolent benediction, decreed that the royalty should in no case be less than $\frac{1}{2}d.$ per copy, to be divided between the composer, the author, and the agent

who had created the popularity of the composition.

"Imagine such a condition of copyright prevailing in the book world! An author publishes a work, say, at 10s., a publisher round the corner publishes the same work at 6d. on a compulsory remuneration of 5 per cent. What becomes of the author's property? As a matter of fact, Woolworth gramophone records, containing innumerable copyright matter, are sold to the public at 6d. each.

"Now, let us see what has been the result of this legislation. The sale of the composer's printed copy has been practically wiped out of existence by the success of the gramophone records. More than one well-known music publishing house has gone out of business, others are following. Meanwhile, let us study the increased profits of the gramophone companies. The £1 shares of the leading companies are five, six, and seven times their original value. They pay enormous dividends and huge bonuses. One of the biggest gramophone companies within the last few weeks, as certified by their balance sheet, made a net profit of over £1,000,000 on the year's turnover. The dividends they declared amounted to £400,000 odd, and they carried forward to reserve over £500,000.

"During the present year, to quote the City Editor of the *Evening Standard*, the ordinary shares of the five best-known gramophone companies have increased in market value by a total of more than £8,500,000, and most of them are still rising. To-day the market value of the ordinary shares of these companies is more than £14,704,000, although the nominal value is only about £1,500,000, for most of the companies have

built up their present position on comparatively small capital. It is estimated that over sixty-six million records are now being manufactured in this country yearly. One company alone is producing at the rate of about ten thousand records an hour."

[It must be remembered that these figures apply to the year 1928.]

"To add to the bitterness of the pill, while the composer is starved, no sum is too extravagant for the gramophone companies to pay to the executants of the composer's music. It is currently reported that the singing royalties of two very popular dark comedians during the last year have totalled the sum of £80,000.

"I am not attempting to suggest that the public are not entitled to have their music in any form they please. Just as they are entitled to live on potted meat, if they so prefer, so are they equally entitled to take their enjoyment out of tinned music. When I speak of 'tinned music,' I intend no reflection upon the frequently extremely artistic records produced by gramophone companies; but, tinned or otherwise, the music is the composer's invention, and he is entitled to be paid for it.

"And remember this also. The gramophone companies have none of the expense of making music popular. They only fatten on the successes made by the enterprise of others, either by theatre productions, concert speculation, or other means of advertisement.

"It is interesting to note in Greville's recently published *Memoirs* a letter he quotes as written by the poet Southey to Lord Brougham when Southey was offered a title. Southey writes:

“All that he asked for was a repeal of the Copyright Act, which took from the families of literary men the only property they had to give them.”

“History repeats itself. All that the composers ask for is the repeal of the clause of the Copyright Act which similarly robs them of the property which is their own creation.

“Let these enormously wealthy gramophone companies come into the open market, and bid for what copyrights they wish to acquire. This is what the publisher has to do, and he has in addition to create the demand for the composition before it is of any value to the mechanical-instrument exploiter. It is a monstrous travesty of justice that our Legislature should have deliberately robbed the composer of half his copyright, and that, so far as popular music is concerned, the more valuable half.

“Our Government has always been notoriously backward in its protection of artistic property. France and Italy are far ahead of us in their legislation. Germany is the only other country besides ourselves that retains the compulsory licence clause. And even Germany does not fix arbitrarily the amount of the royalty that shall be paid upon the record.

“Energetic steps are now being taken to form an international union of all those authors and composers whose countries of origin are signatories to the Berne Convention, and to induce those Governments who have deprived the composer of so valuable a part of his property to come into line with the more enlightened Governments who have recognised that the advancement and protection of copyright are

among the first evidences of a nation's civilisation.

"Meanwhile, the copyright lamb is being penned up with the gramophone wolf, and naturally the gramophone wolf, as befits his kind, is out to nibble off all the wool he can from the back of the poor lamb.

"The British composer is worse off, so far as mechanical contrivances are concerned, than the composer of any other of the Powers that are signatories to the Berne Convention. Surely it is not too much to ask the Government to remedy the grave injustice our composers are suffering from."

Subsequent to the above article comes the gravest news from Russia that the Soviet Government, in conformity with their notorious Five Years Plan, are embarking upon a mass production of gramophones and more particularly records. Their output of records during 1931 is estimated to reach 8,000,000, and in 1932 they estimate to produce 1,250,000 gramophones and 15,000,000 records.

In face of this amazing proposed output, it is vital to remember that Russia is not a member of the Berne Convention Copyright Alliance, and that no copyright treaties exist between Russia and the other European Powers.

Considering that there is a distinct falling off in record sales to-day, it may well be that the Soviet pirates are biting off more than they will be able to chew. Nevertheless, it is the gravest menace to the property of unhappy composers who do not happen to be blest by being Russian.

Determined efforts will very shortly be made to place these pirate copies in countries who guarantee protection to the composer for the exploitation of his property.

CHAPTER XVII

LIGHT OPERA: THE FRENCH AND ENGLISH SCHOOLS

It is very interesting to note the various schools of light opera that have followed one another, each the product of a different nationality, the which was predominant for a term of years.

In 1880, when I first entered the field of publishing, French operetta almost universally prevailed. The immortal Offenbach, who one might almost say invented, and he certainly perfected, this form of composition, was already disappearing into the past. His works are seldom heard now. *La Belle Hélène*, however, is constantly in the French repertoire. It is odd it has never been revived here. Offenbach had the inestimable advantage of two admirable librettists, Meilhac and Halévy. Later on they were to inspire Franz Lehar in *The Merry Widow*.

The successor to Offenbach was Charles Lecocq. His *Madame Angot* was a masterpiece. *Giroflé Girofla* and others of his works were a considerable success abroad, but *Madame Angot* was the only one of his operas that fairly established itself in this country.

Little Audran, a great friend of mine, and Planquette had not the same musicianly qualities as their predecessors, but their music had great charm. Audran had numerous successes. He told me once that, at the finish, *Gilette de Narbonne* was his biggest annual source of income from the French provinces

alone. It was a failure here. Chivot and Duru were his two principal librettists. Chivot, a little, short, plump, and rosy man, was responsible for the sentimental side of his librettos, and Duru, a tall, thin, melancholy man, provided the comic relief. There was an admirable reproduction of the two of them years ago in *Punch*. Planquette was best known in this country by his *Rip van Winkle*, a fascinating light-opera score, which gave Fred Leslie his first opportunity to establish himself as an absolute genius.

Serpette also was an admirable musician and a great wag into the bargain. He was credited with helping many a French composer with his orchestration. Lacome was an exceptionally fine musician. His *Jeanne, Jeanette, and Jeanetton* was produced here with success, and I also produced a charming opera of his at the Globe, *Ma Mie Rosette*. On Ivan Caryll's advice, a very sound critic, I bought a grand opera of Lacome's for Chappell's somewhat on the lines of *Carmen*. I never found an opportunity to have it produced here, but were it produced, and it has a strong libretto, I feel sure it would compel admiration.

Another of the most brilliant composers of the French light school was Louis Ganne. One might almost say he was the last of his school. In addition to providing France with two national anthems, "Marche Lorraine" and "Père, la Victoire," every kind of music, where melody, technique, and inspiration are required, came equally easy to him. Among countless compositions, his trio, "L'Extase," stands out pre-eminently. So does his fascinating ballet suite, "Phryné." He was never banal, but always commanded a wealth of melody. H. B. Farnie used to say to me that, however superior critics

might sneer, the gift of original melody was a quality you could not put a price on. The gift of popularity he also said was often unattainable, but frequently inspired. It is curious how many composers have not the gift to write more than eight consecutive bars of real melody. Those who can may easily rank among the immortals. Louis Ganne was a very indifferent business man, and not always happy in his librettos. I was present at the first night of *Les Saltimbanques* in Paris. What a delightful score. Unfortunately, a day or two before, I had bought another new operetta in Paris founded also on a circus scenario, *L'Auberge de Tohu Bohu*, which was produced at the Comedy Theatre under the title of *The Topsy Turvy Hotel*. There is no doubt the success of *Les Saltimbanques* was greatly helped by the libretto being founded on circus incidents. A circus always appeals passionately to a French audience.

In conclusion, I am bound to say, although my late friend, André Messager, would be horrified could he hear me, that I consider his lighter operas by far the happiest of any of the music that he wrote. *Veronique* may be considered the high-water mark of French light opera. Messager shared with Mark Twain the privilege of reading his obituary notices before he was dead. They cheered him up a lot. He wrote several lighter works, after reading them, which had a great success in France – last but not least, *L'Amour Masqué*, rendered by three great artistes, Yvonne Printemps, Germaine Gallois, and Sacha Guitry.

The English composers, who began to create a school first of all of musical comedy and subsequently of light opera, may be dated from the arrival of George Edwardes to the command of Daly's Theatre and the control of the already famous

musical house, the Gaiety. I am excepting from this general survey the permanent success of the Gilbert and Sullivan operas, which were a creation in themselves, quite distinct from ordinary light opera in the general acceptance of the term. The composers who headed this new movement were Sidney Jones, Lionel Monckton, Leslie Stuart, Ivan Caryll (although he was a Belgian by birth), Howard Talbot, and, last but not least, Paul Rubens. All these composers were sooner or later under the control of George Edwardes for production purposes, and under the control of Chappell & Co. for publishing purposes. George Edwardes and Chappell & Co. worked together for a long period and established a formidable run of successes.

Our composers were very much handicapped at the start, so far as the Continent was concerned, because all their musical hits were immediately made use of on the Continent for the purpose of propping up and furnishing Continental revues at music halls, particularly in Paris, with the result that our hits were already familiar on the Continent before we had the opportunity of playing our pieces in their entirety on the Continental legitimate theatre stages. This unfortunate circumstance was primarily due to the operations of the minor French Performing Right Society, who claimed that, as our composers were members of their society, they had the right to license the separate numbers to the music halls who subscribed to their repertoire. I fought energetically against this rule, and eventually succeeded in establishing a protective clause in conjunction with the society. The society agreed that in no case would they grant permission to their subscribers, music halls or otherwise, to introduce our musical numbers into their revues until a full

two years had elapsed after the first production of our works in their entirety in the various capitals of Europe. Gilbert and Sullivan's *Mikado* had already been produced with conspicuous success on the Continent. The first of George Edwardes' productions, however, which took our Continental neighbours by storm was the brilliant *Geisha*. The music of *San Toy* was also principally written by Sidney Jones; but, by this time, Lionel Monckton was a considerable contributor to the Daly successes. In collaboration with Ivan Caryll, he was also creating success after success at the Gaiety. But, with the production of *The Country Girl* at Daly's, Monckton established his right to create a score entirely of his own making. Even in this instance, however, George Edwardes was always on the qui vive to introduce new composers with special numbers to add to the strength of his organisation. It was in this way that he introduced Paul Rubens. Monckton's *Quaker Girl*, produced by George Edwardes at the Adelphi Theatre, was a further confirmation that Monckton was quite sufficiently equipped to stand on his own.

It would serve no useful purpose to give a full account of George Edwardes' many successes. They are all recent theatrical and musical history. I have often wondered why Sidney Jones did not follow up his original brilliant success of the *Geisha*. Meanwhile, Lionel Monckton, in conjunction with Ivan Caryll, wrote success after success. I have only to name *The Girls of Gottenberg*, *The Messenger Boy*, *Our Miss Gibbs*, *The Runaway Girl*, and *The Toreador*, among many others. Monckton seemed to possess an inexhaustible flow of melody, always refined and popular in the best sense. Added to which, upon occasions he was equal to writing very pointed and happy lyrics of his own. Ivan Caryll, in addition to

the productions in which he collaborated, was responsible for *The Earl and the Girl*, *The Duchess of Dantzig*, *Cigale*, written in collaboration with Audran, and incidentally giving Geraldine Ulmar the biggest success of her career; also the phenomenally successful *Pink Lady*, founded on a French libretto.

Among Paul Rubens' notable successes, as distinct from his separate numbers, were *The Three Little Maids* and *Miss Hook of Holland*, produced by Frank Curzon.

Leslie Stuart's biggest success was, of course, *Florodora*, produced under Horace Sedger's management at the Lyric Theatre. Here also was produced *Little Christopher Columbus*, by Ivan Caryll, where May Yohe made such a big hit in the two numbers, "Lazily, Drowsily" and "O Come, My Love, to Me."

In concluding this brief survey of English light operas, I cannot omit to mention the remarkable scores of *Merrie England* and *Tom Jones*, by Edward German. In both these instances the shortcomings of the librettos alone interfered with a huge theatrical success.

I have often wondered what became of an English composer, Harold Garstin. He wrote a most charming score for a light opera produced at the Adelphi Theatre, but I have never heard of him since.

I have often wondered, also, why Hubert Bath did not follow up his big success of *Shon Maclean* with a light opera on similar lines. I should have liked to have seen Frank Bridges also represented on the lyric stage.

Meanwhile, my greatest pleasure is to remember that the last light opera I purchased before I resigned my direction of Messrs. Chappell & Co. was the work of an Englishman, both libretto and music. I refer to *Bitter Sweet*, by Noël Coward.

Noël Coward is a remarkable young man. I forget for the moment the name of a very clever play of his that I saw in New York. That beautiful actress, Jane Cowl, was playing in it.

The first musical piece of Noël Coward's that was offered to me was *This Year of Grace*. I did not hesitate a moment about taking it.

I don't suppose Coward ever professed to be what one may call a professional musician. But he has a charming gift of melody, and his harmonies always enable him to steer clear of the commonplace. He writes brilliant lyrics, and he has an absolute genius for stage effect. When you add to these qualifications the fact that he is an admirable actor himself, and has the rare capacity of selecting his company and being able to get exactly what he wants out of each of them, the success of *Bitter Sweet* is not hard to understand.

I am sure he would be the first to admit how much he owes to Charlie Cochran. There are three degrees of theatrical managers: the first and rarest, the manager who can judge of a play or an opera by reading it and visualises it before it is put on the stage; the second, he who can sometimes judge of a play when it has been put upon the stage; and the third, he who cannot judge of a play under either of these or any conditions. Cochran belongs to the first order.

CHAPTER XVIII

LIGHT OPERA: THE VIENNESE AND AMERICAN SCHOOLS

UPON taking into consideration the Austrian and Hungarian school, which in a sense followed upon the English school, it must not be forgotten that Vienna always possessed composers who had a *flair* for stage music of the lighter quality. One only has to remember that masterpiece, the *Fledermaus*, written by the inspired Viennese, Strauss, of "Blue Danube" fame and many other wonderful waltzes.

Fledermaus was a very fine comedy as a book.

Then again, Suppé occupied a conspicuous place in the domain of light opera, handicapped only – the old story – by insufficient librettists. The music of *Boccaccio* is very hard to beat.

Franz Lehar was the acknowledged king of light opera in Vienna, and by dint of *The Merry Widow* established a European reputation.

Other acknowledged masters were Leo Fall, a very fine musician, and Straus of *Waltz Dream* fame.

They also had serious competitors in Budapest. Kalman, Jacobi, and Szirmai were constantly producing hits. They were great friends, and were known as "The Three Musketeers." Kalman had big successes in every capital of Europe except in London. His *Gipsy Princess* had a phenomenal run

everywhere, and the sale of the music was correspondingly enormous. *The Gipsy Princess* failed in London, I fear, through the selection of the cast, which in some instances was not happy. Poor little Sari Petrass appeared in it. I shall never forget her initial successes with Jacobi in the *Marriage Market*, produced in Budapest. What a picture she was!

Szirmai also was very popular on the Continent. I shall never forget Szirmai's tales to me of the Bolshevik invasion of Hungary. According to him, the most crying need of the Bolsheviks was for boots. Szirmai was so obsessed by this idea that he told me he hid his boots in his piano. I said he ought to have been inspired, under the circumstances, to write a world famous march!

My first introduction to *The Merry Widow* happened very curiously. Mario Costa had asked me to endeavour to secure the musical rights of a very old German comedy entitled *Peace in War*. I told him I had an appointment in two or three weeks' time with Sliwinski, the famous Berlin agent, who dealt very largely with operettas in all countries. I was on my way to Prague in connection with the production at a Prague Theatre of Leoni's *Ib and Christina*, which was duly produced there. According to arrangements, Sliwinski met me there. I explained to him that I wanted him to obtain the rights of this old German comedy for Costa. He said that, by a most extraordinary coincidence, this very play had been set to music by Rheinhardt, the composer of a very successful Viennese piece called *The Sweet Maiden*. He actually produced from his bag the contract in connection with the same, which he was taking to Vienna for Rheinhardt to sign. He said he had two pieces coming out in Vienna in the



Meinem lieben Freund Mr. William Boosey in
vergesslicher aufrichtiger Dankbarkeit!

Wien 31/8. 1921.

Gehäns

FRANZ LEHAR
THE COMPOSER OF "THE MERRY WIDOW"
AND OTHER FAMOUS LIGHT OPERAS

autumn: this piece of Rheinhardt's and an opera entitled *The Merry Widow*, by Lehar. He said, if I would bring George Edwardes to Vienna to see these pieces, he would hold them back and give us the first offer of them. Curiously enough, about this time, Lord Kilmarnock, who was attaché at the Viennese Embassy, wrote to Paul Rubens, and suggested that Rubens should acquire *The Merry Widow*, as he felt sure it would be a hit in London. Paul Rubens at that time was running the Apollo Theatre. Paul, knowing I was going to Vienna, asked me to see to the matter for him, but I was compelled to tell him I had already given the option to George Edwardes. Such is luck in theatrical matters. With considerable difficulty I induced Edwardes to come to Vienna in the autumn, although he was very busy. We heard Rheinhardt's piece the first night of our arrival, and it turned out to be of no use to us. On the second night we went to *The Merry Widow*, which, as I have elsewhere stated, was put on at the Theater an der Wien more as a stopgap, and which the management thought very little of. Edwardes and I saw the piece, and it was clear to both of us it was a certain hit. On the following morning, Sliwinski came up to me at the Bristol Hotel in Vienna, and said he understood Edwardes was going that same day on to Budapest, and was he actually going to leave Vienna without purchasing *The Merry Widow*? I said I could not imagine it was possible. I saw George Edwardes, and pointed out to him that, if he did not secure *The Merry Widow* at once, somebody else would have it. I finally induced him to sign for the piece at once with Sliwinski before he left Vienna. *The Merry Widow* came to Edwardes at a very happy moment, because he had produced one or

two pieces recently in London which had not come up to his expectations.

I have often wondered why it never occurred to any French composer of light opera, the French being so quick in dramatic perception, to discover the musical possibilities of one of Meilhac and Halévy's best comedies, *La Veuve Joyeuse*.

It is very interesting to remember other instances in connection with *The Merry Widow*. George Edwardes had a conviction that Lily Elsie would make a big hit in this part. I confess I did not quite share his opinion, as she had had very little opportunity up to then of displaying the qualities which eventually made her such a big favourite with the public. I can remember – and I am sure Lily Elsie, whom I greatly admire, will forgive me for mentioning it – meeting her for the first time at the Savoy Hotel at a dance which was given to celebrate the thousandth performance of *The Chinese Honeymoon*. She was in the cast of *The Chinese Honeymoon*. As I first remember her, she had no sort of claim to the distinction she obtained afterwards. She did not waltz very well, and she altogether lacked the extraordinary charm which she acquired later on. It is interesting to recall what a perfection of charm and grace she did become later on, and Edwardes' foresight was amply justified. It is true *The Merry Widow* is what is called an actor-proof part. I can recall many humorous incidents in connection with this and subsequent productions of *The Merry Widow* which, for reasons, I must not publish.

Curiously enough, about the same time, Ivan Caryll's *Nelly Neil* was produced at the Savoy Theatre in London by Charles Frohman. On the first night I saw, for the first time, Joe Coyne in the production. It was his first appearance in London.

I crossed over to George Edwardes in the stalls, and said: "George, there is your Danilo." Edwardes replied: "I think you are quite right." Joe Coyne was duly engaged. At the dress rehearsal of *The Merry Widow*, Joe Coyne said to me: "I am going to make the failure of my life in this part." I said: "You need not worry, you are going to make the hit of your life, and it will establish you as a permanent favourite in London." I am glad to think my prophecy came true.

Among Lehar's other big successes at Daly's were *The Count of Luxemburg* and *Gipsy Love*. Jacobi also had a big success at Daly's with *The Marriage Market*. I always regretted that George Edwardes did not live to produce *Sybil*, by Jacobi. It was a wonderful book in the original.

Hugo Felix, another Viennese composer, at one time also appeared likely to make a big success. We bought a piece of his in Berlin entitled *Madame Sherry*. This was unhappily produced, and did not repeat its Continental triumph, although the music was delightful.

There are so many dangerous accidents to guard against in producing pieces of this quality, and they can be so easily shipwrecked. One always felt that with George Edwardes, when he had the right quality of musical play, he would make the very best of it.

Franz Lehar still commands a production of his new pieces in practically all the capitals of Europe, owing to his justly high reputation as composer and musician. Where he fails is only when his librettist does not sufficiently support him.

It would be the dream of my life, were I still a manager, to produce Lehar's *Endlich Allein* at a first-class London theatre. I refer to his original

version. There were only two characters in it, a man and a woman, and the scene was the summit of a snow mountain, where just a man and a woman found themselves together. In my opinion, this music is the high-water mark of Lehar's talent as composer. Lehar subsequently dealt with the opera on the ordinary level of a musical play, and the first and third acts were commonplace and utterly unworthy of the second act, which stood alone as a great achievement in beautiful and passionate music.

What a delightful city Vienna was in the past. The night-life and dancing were most fascinating. Now the city looks an absolute desert. Budapest also was a very charming town. I was present at a concert there when Kubelik made his debut before the public. What a sensation he made!

I came across the by now famous light opera *Lilac Time* quite by accident. Seymour Hicks, Captain Harry Graham, and I were all in Vienna together. We had come across to see Kalman and to make final preparations for the production of *The Little Dutch Girl* in London. This was a very pretty opera, and it had the great advantage of Maggie Teyte's appearance in the title rôle. It was not a success in London, however. It is curious what a lottery theatrical productions are. Kalman, with innumerable successes on the Continent, has never had a real success in England. Anyhow, one Sunday afternoon, as we had nothing better to do, I suggested to Seymour Hicks and Captain Graham we might try to find a matinée. We found *Lilac Time*. I immediately came to the conclusion there ought to be a lot of money in it for England. I produced it eventually at the Lyric Theatre. It ran for nearly two years in London. It made, and still makes, a lot

of money in the provinces, and the demand for Schubert's charming music is naturally bigger than ever. Curiously enough, after buying the piece in Vienna, I saw a jazz version in America, which did not appeal to me. I also saw a French version produced in Paris, which was equally ineffective. I remember a little incident at the Hotel Bristol, Vienna, when we all arrived there. The waiter of our sitting-room looked at Seymour Hicks very curiously, and Seymour returned his inspection. It turned out that he had been butler at some Scotch estate where Seymour had been up to shoot on two or three occasions. Naturally this was before the war. The poor old waiter seemed very glad to have a chance of making use of his English again.

I remember being in Vienna with my daughter a very few weeks before the assassination of the Grand Duke.

A semi-public dance was announced at the famous Concert Hall, which is such a picture in scarlet, white, and gold. Anybody staying in a first-class hotel was able to buy tickets; the ladies were in dominoes. We took a box. The Grand Duke and Duchess arrived, attended by their suite. They passed through the motley crowd on the ballroom floor without any sort of police or military escort. They took their seats on a slightly raised dais at the end of the hall, and then received the various members of the foreign embassies. I remember saying to my daughter what an element of danger this absence of precautions presented. Within a few weeks afterwards the tragedy occurred that plunged Europe into the most appalling war of modern history.

A very curious custom prevails at the semi-public supper-parties frequently given at Budapest. You are invited as a guest, and then introduced to

some charming lady whom you take into supper. Naturally, you wait in expectation that supper will be served to you, but it is not done in that way. Apparently, you order your own supper and the lady's too. This does not mean that the Hungarians are not hospitable. They are the essence of hospitality. It is just the etiquette on these occasions, but naturally at first it very much puzzles a stranger. I had this experience one night at the public supper, previously referred to, given to Kubelik at his first appearance at Budapest, and also at a supper given to Felix Wagner.

Finally, we have to chronicle a long list of successes from the American light-opera stage. The ball was first of all set rolling at the Winter Garden Theatre under the direction of George Grossmith and Leslie Henson. Jerry Kern has been one of the most consistently popular American composers of light music. *Sally* was among his first successes at the Winter Garden Theatre. *The Cabaret Girl* and *Sonny* were both very successful productions. Possibly, Jerry Kern is so much of a millionaire now he will not bother to write much more music. I was reading in an American paper the other day that his library, which I know he had spent large sums of money upon, purchasing rare editions and in some cases valuable MSS., realised the sum of £300,000 at a recent sale. Apparently it cost Kern a little over £100,000 to complete his collection, so his profit was certainly an amazingly happy one.

George Gershwin also came very much to the fore in the light-opera school, but subsequently was rather tempted to diverge into more classical fields. Vincent Youmans had a very big hit at the Palace Theatre in *No, No, Nanette*, and of course there was a remarkable series of American light operas on a

rather larger scale produced by Sir Alfred Butt at Drury Lane. *Rose Marie*, by Rudolf Friml and Herbert Stothart, was the initial success, and *The Show Boat* also did well. Finally, *The Desert Song*, by Romberg, was a very big success both at Drury Lane and in the provinces, and is still to-day one of the most popular talking films.

My own impression is that the production of American operettas has been rather overdone. Nothing is so damaging to first-class productions as are second-class productions that attempt to imitate something better in their own line that has gone before.

CHAPTER XIX

THE PERFORMING RIGHT SOCIETY AND BROADCASTING

IT is very interesting to survey the present position of the Performing Right Society in this country. In the far distant past, I admit, I was absolutely opposed to the principles of the society. I considered that the payment of a fee for the performance of new music, and even established music, was calculated to injure seriously the sales of established favourites, and was very detrimental to the popularising of new works. In principle, I was often at war with Mr. Alfred Moul, who controlled the destinies of the Performing Right Society, in the old days. On one famous occasion, I remember, he brought an action against me, because I compared his methods with those of the notorious Harry Wall. It was stated in evidence that Harry Wall's record in other directions had not been altogether in the said gentleman's favour. Counsel, therefore, suggested that I compared Mr. Alfred Moul's operations with those of another dealer in performing rights very much to the prejudice of Alfred Moul. I was totally unaware of the evidence brought forward in connection with Harry Wall, and had not the slightest intention of suggesting that Alfred Moul's experiences were identical with Harry Wall's. Be it as it may, the jury awarded Alfred Moul £300 damages. What I am arriving at, however, is this. I have always kept a

perfectly open mind as to the necessity of altering our methods of business according to changing conditions, and I was gradually becoming aware that, probably, eventually a composer's performing rights might even be more valuable than his publishing rights. I was further struck by the fact that the Performing Right Society was already enormously successful abroad, and that foreign composers were beginning to reap a harvest in Great Britain which the English composer was not sharing in. From that moment, on my advice, Messrs. Chappell & Co. entirely reshaped their policy. I am only too happy at this moment to think that I foresaw what was coming. The introduction of mechanical music was the first blow that our composers received. It need not have been, had the clauses in the Copyright Act of 1911 not been so iniquitous so far as composers' rights were concerned. At the present moment, composers are enormously dependent upon the fees collected for them by the Performing Right Society. Naturally, the society has had to contend with a huge combination of vested interests, who are always out to fight and see if they can obtain something of value for nothing. Fortunately, our position has been made so strong that even such an inane Bill as the Bill seeking to amend performing rights in the last session of the House of Commons has been laughed out of court. This Bill was godfathered principally by a collection of wealthy hotel and restaurant proprietors. The repertoire of the Performing Right Society includes the works of all the most popular composers in this country and on the Continent. In the season, some of these hotels would pay from £500 a week to £1,000 a week to their orchestras, and they grudged and fought against a paltry £3 or £4 a week to the composers,

British and Continental, without whose music they could have had no orchestras at all. It has never been suggested that, if I go to a restaurant and consider they are charging me an unfair price for a chop or a steak, I should have a right to appeal. The remedy is quite simple. If I don't like their prices, I go elsewhere. In the same way, if they think the price of my music excessive, they can get their music elsewhere. I have dwelt somewhat at length upon this subject, because, perhaps, the public through it may be able to appreciate what a desperate struggle we have had to make the composers' music rights recognised at all. The printing of the evidence heard in committee in connection with this recent comic performing right Bill cost nearly £500 – pleasant for the poverty stricken public! Why should not the wealthy promoters of the Bill pay it?

I foresee the day when composers will depend almost entirely for their income upon the fees obtained for them by the Performing Right Society, more particularly as the broadcasting authorities have had to recognise that they are powerless to reproduce music for public performance except by treaty with those who hold the copyright.

The Performing Right Society is absolutely fair in its operations, and I am glad to see it in a stronger position than it ever was. It has the further advantage of possessing in its new chairman my young cousin, Mr. Leslie Boosey, a personality that commands the respect of everybody. He will see that justice is done to all parties. He no doubt greatly helped in exposing the recent Bill.

It should be added that, when the music publishers decided to pursue an active campaign in connection with performing rights, they also unanimously decided to return all performing rights to

composers in past contracts, although the said performing rights had actually been assigned to them.

Under our new régime, Mr. John Woodhouse, the well-known lawyer, was general manager of the society. He was a desperate fighter, perhaps almost too much so, but he was a most able organiser, and rendered invaluable help to the society in establishing it on a sound and fair business basis.

Representatives of the different Continental societies meet from time to time in the most prominent European capitals. These meetings are not only useful, but are very entertaining. On the last occasion at which I was present we met in Rome, and incidentally I had the great pleasure of a brief introduction to Signor Mussolini, whose personality naturally interested me enormously.

The introduction of broadcasting, especially under Government auspices, was an innovation of profound importance.

When broadcasting was first introduced, it was suggested to me that this discovery was going to be of immense help to the concert world, because it was going to enormously popularise the giving of concerts and the attendance of the public at them. I totally disagreed with this theory. The more perfect broadcasting became, the more obvious it was that many of the public could sit at home and enjoy the music, for practically nothing, that they could only otherwise participate in by leaving their comfortable homes and taking their chance of obtaining seats at a concert hall. I also felt it was inevitable that by degrees, broadcasting being more or less a subsidised Government undertaking, the tendency would be for the broadcasters themselves to become concert-givers. This is what has actually happened. We already find serious complaints made by

conductors of important provincial concerts, such as the Hallé concerts at Manchester and elsewhere, of the utterly unfair competition which they have to wage against a Government undertaking which is placed, by means of its tax on music, above the reach of the profit and loss account which is of such essential importance to the average concert-giver. I found the powers that govern the broadcasting world became so far-reaching in their demands and intentions that they were bent more or less on taking the place of the ordinary concert-giver altogether. So clearly did I recognise this issue that I came to the conclusion, on behalf of Messrs. Chappell, it would be far more profitable for them to let the Queen's Hall direct to the powers that govern broadcasting, both for the famous promenade concerts and other big series of concerts, rather than to embark on a competition which was really a competition with the Government itself.

I had occasion quite recently to bring an action, on behalf of André Messager, against the broadcasting authorities for reproducing a complete opera of his, *Veronique*, without his permission. They claimed they had authority from the George Edwardes estate. My reply was that their only title to perform was by payment of a percentage upon gross receipts. The legal arguments by which the decision was ultimately governed were very complicated, and would not interest the public in detail. I can only say I totally disagree with the decision, although, after a very convincing judgment in our favour in the first courts, the Appeal Court gave a decision emphatically against us. Even then, however, a new point arose which has not yet been decided. Supposing the Broadcasting Corporation, under the authority which they considered they had received,

were justified in producing this opera in its entirety, the fact remains that the broadcasting of the work could be produced, and probably was produced, in France and elsewhere as against rights held in those countries which no one in this country had any control of. In other words, the broadcasting was, unintentionally, probably a severe infringement of international copyright treaties.

Meanwhile, it is satisfactory to note that the broadcasting authorities are paying a fair and reasonable sum to composers and copyright owners for the use of their property. In my considered opinion, his performing right is the only right which for a long time to come will bring the composer in any substantial income.

I do not believe that broadcasting in its present form is going to make the fortune of any new artiste. The artiste's reputation must be made legitimately first of all. I would go further and say that music is not machinery, but that music by machinery threatens more and more every day to put the musician out of his profession. However, these are some of the propositions that are going to present the most terrible difficulties to the musical world for a long while to come.

The introduction of broadcasting on its present lines is what finally decided Messrs. Chappell to give up concert giving altogether.

CHAPTER XX

SOME PIANISTS

I THINK there is a general impression among the public that the great pianoforte-players, apart from their one great gift, have personalities of no great interest. I used to have this impression myself until I was undeceived.

A very intelligent man once said to me that he was no judge of the finest pianoforte-playing, because when pianists attained a certain stage of mechanical perfection it was difficult for him to judge as to how far one was more gifted than another. There is a great deal in this, but I think a study of the personalities of pianists partly accounts for the reason why they hold so more or less commanding a position in their profession.

One of the most entertaining pianists I ever met was the great Madame Carreno. In addition to a delightful presence, she had a wonderful gift of conversation and a keen sense of humour. She was explaining to us one night a very comic adventure that befell one of her husbands when he was in South America.

Apparently this husband had taken a grand-opera company to South America, but, owing to business being terribly bad, practically the whole of his company had left him. He finally landed up in a certain town with only a pianist, a soprano, and a

flute-player. He announced some performances – I think it was of *The Daughter of the Regiment*, by Donizetti – but at the last moment even the poor flute struck, he being owed several weeks' salary. He sued Carreno's husband, and the action came up for trial, according to Madame Carreno, in an extraordinary rough court-house, where the judge was sitting on the so-called bench in his shirt-sleeves, with a mug of ale beside him.

"What is this claim?" he asked.

Carreno's husband replied that it was a claim by the flute-player for a very large sum of money, naming the sum.

"And you dispute it?" said the judge.

"Yes," said Carreno's husband.

"On what grounds?" said the judge.

"Your Honour," said the opera director, "may I ask the flute-player to perform here in court the music he has to play, and you shall judge if his claim is a fair one, or otherwise?"

"An excellent idea!" said the judge, and the unhappy flute-player was called upon to perform his share of the music.

One can imagine the agony of the flute-player and the rest of the court while he wandered through his incomprehensible part, the efforts of one instrumentalist as a soloist who should have been supported by a full orchestra. After some time the impresario said to the judge: "Well, Your Honour, what do you think of that?"

"It is a preposterous claim," said the judge, "and I non-suit him."

On another occasion I happened to meet the great pianist, Rosenthal, on the train, we being both on our way to Vienna. Rosenthal was telling me of a very curious experience he had had with a leading

newspaper. He had given a recital in London of some of Brahms' music. The critic said that, although no doubt technically he gave a very fine performance of Brahms' numbers, it was an extreme pity that he evidently had no notion of what Brahms meant by his music, or how he had intended it to be interpreted.

Rosenthal in reply produced a letter from Brahms, who was a great friend of his, and, in this letter, Brahms said he had never known any pianist who had such an extraordinary gift as Rosenthal had for absolutely fathoming the deepest meaning of his music and reproducing it so faultlessly.

While we were laughing over this incident, Rosenthal said it reminded him of another curious incident that occurred in Vienna.

One of the great Viennese painters had painted a portrait of a very famous Austrian Grand Duchess. The portrait made a great sensation, but, when the husband saw it, all he said was: "It may be a very fine painting, but it is not a bit like my wife, the Grand Duchess." When this criticism was repeated to the painter, he said: "I should like the Grand Duke to understand it is the business of his wife to be like the portrait I paint of her!"

Speaking of criticism, I have again and again urged on *The Times* and other newspapers that all their notices of art work should be signed, in fact should bear the signature of some one so eminent in the art world that at all events his opinion, whether correct or not, would carry weight and dignity. This custom universally prevails amongst the big leading papers on the Continent, and it is extraordinary that one cannot induce any of the London papers to follow so natural and intelligent a lead. It may be they think that the signing of an

article detracts from their dignity, but, to take the French Press as an example, if a new grand opera is produced in Paris, articles criticising it are, or were, all signed by some master of music, such as Bruneau, André Messager, or someone of equal rank in the artistic world. This must add to the dignity of the intellectual side of a newspaper, and cannot detract from it.

I cannot conclude my present notes on pianists without referring to an old friend of mine, Myra Hess. I had to ask her to lunch one day, because I was afraid she was going to forsake the famous Chappell piano she had always played on, and transfer her allegiance to my friend, William Steinway, who had a piano named after him. I thought the lunch was going to be very depressing. But it was far from it. I had quite forgotten that already a great pianist had made me laugh!

I met Myra Hess again in New York when she was engaged on an American tour. She always affected very dark hotels in New York. I expect she found them more restful, and I don't blame her. I called on her one day to take her out to lunch, and, on arriving in the hall, I got the impression I was in a coal-mine. Eventually, from a distance, I noticed two little white specks approaching me. When they approached nearer I found they were Myra Hess' white gloves. It was a droll experience.

Before sailing for England, I sent her some roses to the same hotel, but took the precaution at the same time of sending her an electric torchlight, so that I could be sure she would not mistake the colour of the flowers.

I remember on one occasion being so inspired by a charming lady pianist that I addressed the following lines to her:

*Oh, Velvet Eyes, sweet Velvet Eyes,
I realise it is not wise
To dedicate this virgin heart
To one who only lives for art,
Who, to be truthful, only dotes
On sharps and flats and nasty notes,
Who, soul secure, disdains all gales
Of passion save arpeggio scales!*

*Mere man can only hope to please
You through the mystery of keys,
Ah, Velvet Eyes, there is one key,
If you will take the truth from me,
That from all keys stands far apart,
It just unlocks a human heart,
And all the harmonies you prize
Are hid within it, Velvet Eyes.*

Speaking of pianists, a curious incident once occurred which I think is worth recording.

Certain promoters of star turns invited me some time ago to attend a matinée at the Hotel Cecil. They claimed they had discovered a pianist who would be absolutely blindfolded, as testified by well-known doctors, and who, in spite of this extraordinary handicap, would be able to sit down at the piano and play correctly any piece of music put in front of her.

Of course there are so many means of deluding the public in this kind of entertainment, but I was sufficiently interested on this occasion to go to the Hotel Cecil to see what happened. Two doctors testified that the lady was blindfolded, and she had then put before her an overture of an opera written by a well-known French composer, who was very

little known in this country. She played this overture absolutely correctly.

By way, however, of testing this challenge, I asked Sir Edward German if he would come down with me. I also asked him to write some music especially for the occasion, so that we could really discover if this lady could do all that she claimed to do. Edward German, who was a terrible sceptic, agreed, and he wrote out a theme in the very smallest handwriting, which was hardly legible. In addition, he purposely wrote down harmonies extremely complicated and difficult.

I asked the master of the ceremonies if the lady would be prepared to perform, as a test, a piece of manuscript music I had with me, written by Sir Edward German expressly for the occasion. He said manuscript music might present certain difficulties, but that the lady was quite prepared to do her best. The little scrap of music was then placed on the piano before this blindfolded musician, and she, mechanically but correctly, reproduced every note of it.

Edward German was astonished.

We never had any explanation of how this result was arrived at, and, strangest of all, although her *matinée* was brilliantly successful, we never heard any word of her subsequently.

We naturally assumed that she would have been brought forward as one of the big turns of the music halls. From that day to this, her name and her work are buried in obscurity.

CHAPTER XXI

FURTHER PERSONAL MEMORIES

A VERY amusing incident happened to me on one occasion in Paris. The great pianist, Saint-Saëns, had often appeared for us at the Popular Concerts, but I had never had the opportunity of a chat with him. He had asked me when next in Paris to call and see him. I made enquiries as to where his flat was, and was directed by a stranger to the *escalier de service*. I knocked at the door, and found myself in a kitchen, surrounded by every form of kitchen utensil. Facing me was an open stove, on every side pots and pans! Saint-Saëns happened to hear my voice in the kitchen and came and released me. He was extremely amused at my very original way of calling upon him. I had a very interesting chat with him, and he illustrated to me at the piano the Chinese music scales. I am afraid they were much too complicated for my comprehension.

One night in Paris, at the Café de Paris, I heard a very pretty new valse. I could not for the life of me find the name of the publisher or composer. Six months afterwards a young Frenchman turned up at Chappell's with a letter of introduction from a lady I knew in Paris. Would I look at some music of his? "The usual waste of time," I thought, and opened his packet. There on top lay the famous "Valse Bleue," which I had been looking for everywhere. It had a very big run. Poor little Alfred Margis – he died quite young!

Another delightful valse writer also disappeared when the big war broke out. I am speaking of Rudolph Berger. How delightfully Marie Tempest sang his vales! He lived in Paris, and always accounted himself a Frenchman, but at the outbreak of hostilities it was discovered he was really an Austrian, so of course he had to quit Paris at the shortest possible notice. He was a pathetic figure. He was never heard of again.

We occasionally had very humorous experiences at the music halls in the old days. On one occasion I had to see the famous Brothers Isola in connection with some business. It will be remembered that for some time they directed the destinies of the Opéra Comique. On the occasion to which I refer, however, they were running one of the well-known music halls. It was before the war, at the time when Paris had gone quite mad over the desperate struggles of the various champions who were fighting for international honours in the wrestling world. On this particular night the Isolas wanted to show me a little delicate attention, and asked if I would like to have a couple of chairs on the stage to see the final of some wonderful wrestling match between two huge and very imposing-looking champions. I accepted with pleasure. I sat for some time on the ropes, together with a few privileged persons, while these two mountains of flesh kept rolling over each other and trying to secure the final coup that would mean victory.

Suddenly there was a stir in the front of the house. Something had evidently gone wrong. The spectators had come to the conclusion that neither of these two gentlemen seriously meant to win; and, quick as lightning, an official called out: "Lower the curtain." We knew what that meant. The public picked

up the little wooden stools that are still one of the usual uncomfortable appendages of the French theatre, and hurled the whole of these stools upon the stage. It was an avalanche, and I consider that my friend and I were extremely lucky to have escaped with our lives. What eventually became of the two stout gentlemen I never heard. I quitted the hall quite satisfied with the warmth of my reception and the compliment that had been paid me.

The Great War brings back some quaint memories to me. On one occasion, not so many months before hostilities commenced, I was supping at a popular night restaurant in Berlin with several young German officers. We were discussing the next war, presumably between France and Germany. My young friends astonished me by saying that by far the most popular war in Germany would be one against England. It was all discussed in the most amicable spirit, but it certainly left me most amazed. I have no doubt it owed its origin to the Fashoda incident, which in his own country had created a very bitter feeling against the German Emperor himself.

Another very humorous incident occurred to me during the war itself. I was playing golf at Sunningdale with George Askwith. It was the day he had received information of his elevation to a peerage. He played a very fine game of golf and hopelessly out-distanced me. At the conclusion of the game I was informed of his very well deserved distinction, which no doubt accounted for his exceptional form. I determined never again to play golf with any man on the particular day he had been elevated to the peerage. The humour of the situation, however, was not yet reached. We returned to his house – it was a dark autumn afternoon – and he introduced

me in his smoking-room to a friend who I understood was a Sir William Robinson, a well-known resident at Sunningdale. We began discussing the progress of the war, and I gave my amateur views on the general situation. The man in the corner never said a word. Shortly afterwards the smoking-room door opened again, and Askwith introduced me to a new comer, Sir William Robinson. Heavens alive, I thought, who is the other man? It was Sir William Robertson! And I had been expounding my views as to the war before him! What a situation! I have often wondered since if Sir William Robertson appreciated the pitiful humour of my position!

Lord Northcliffe, who was anxious to speed up the war, asked if I would contest a by-election at Tewkesbury in the National interest, as apart from the combined political party interests. I imagine his attention had been drawn to me because I had been helping Tommy Gibson Bowles, who was engaged upon a similar mission at Leicester. I introduced myself to Bowles, being greatly taken by his patriotism and pluck. We became great friends, and he put me in charge of the Market Harborough side of the constituency. We had a very spirited contest, but naturally had no chance of success against the combined Conservative and Radical forces.

Still less chance had I at Tewkesbury, but I did my best. The constituency covered some hundreds of square miles, and I had less than three weeks to get over all the ground. By the aid of a rapid motor, I addressed four separate meetings every night.

Pemberton Billing was then at the zenith of his popularity. Our opening meeting at the Cheltenham Town Hall was absolutely packed. Hundreds were

turned away. They told me it was a record political meeting for Cheltenham. Such was the curiosity to hear and see Billing.

During the day-time I used to address various villagers also. As often as not I would pull up my car on the village green. I soon found out that I was followed around on my pilgrimage by two or three brakes full of bookmakers. It seems that, when the racing season is over, the bookies are habitually employed and paid for political purposes. They were quite polite. They would pull up opposite the meeting and say: "Fire away, Guv'nor; we'll have a go at them when you've finished."

Occasionally when I was very late and the village halls were all closed, my final meeting was held in the village churchyard. I found the village tombstones most inspiring. I was able to visualise the dear departed turning in their graves at the thought of the political struggle being waged above them.

On polling day the combined Conservative and Radical cars numbered over four hundred. I had six at my disposal. It makes one smile when one realises you may petition to unseat a successful candidate if hired cars have been used to bring up the electors to the polling booths. However, the electors obviously did not want me, so it was not worth while wasting more time and money over such a desperate adventure.

It was a very interesting experience, although it cured me of any ambition to ever become a member of the House of Commons. Within a very few weeks of my defeat, however, our object was secured, and the change in the Government that we were fighting for was accomplished.



THE AUTHOR, WHO PUT UP AS A NATIONAL CANDIDATE,
ADDRESSING A POLITICAL MEETING AT THE BYE-ELECTION
AT TEWKESBURY DURING THE WAR

CHAPTER XXII

AMERICA REVISITED

IN 1920 I again visited America, and it was on this occasion that I was staying with poor Ivan Caryll in one of the many mansions he occupied from time to time. He had a delightful place on Long Island. About this time I was considerably worried as to the future of our American house. It had been very profitable up to date, but I was very doubtful as to what the morrow might bring. I remember sitting in a wonderful old Italian garden in the bright sunshine one Sunday morning, and I expressed some of my disquietudes to my host, Ivan Caryll. He replied to me that it was quite useless for me to ask for his advice. I said, "I think I know why. You consider we should be wise to exchange our catalogue with the famous Harms catalogue, we representing Harms in London, and they representing us in New York." Caryll replied, "Yes, you know I have always thought so." "Very well," I said, "let's follow your suggestion. Will you ring up Harms on the telephone." Caryll did so. We had five minutes' conversation over the telephone, when the whole of the deal was settled there and then. Since 1920, Harms have represented us in New York, and we have represented them in London. I give every credit to Ivan Caryll for this proposal. During all this period I have found Messrs. Harms the fairest people in the world to do business with, and I think neither

they nor Chappell's ever regret the treaty made between us. It is musical history that Messrs. Harms have since acquired a controlling interest in Messrs. Chappell's business and are at present directing its destinies.

I cannot forget on one occasion arriving at New York at six o'clock in the morning. It was a bitterly cold day, and everything was frozen. I had one of my most unpleasant experiences with the Customs on the quay on landing. I had to undo every case and submit to a rigorous search. When I got up to New York I called at one of the clubs to see a very amusing American friend of mine. I complained of my sad experience, and the only sympathy I got from him, and he had the most wonderful stutter, were words to this effect: "I think you're a d-d-d——d l-l-l-lucky fellow to get into a dry country like this at all with a name like yours! !!" It reminded me of a famous occasion when I was leaving the old Eccentric Club at two o'clock in the morning, and dear old Arthur Roberts came into the club considerably over the odds. As I went out of the club he was gazing at the ceiling, and I said, "Good night, Arthur." He replied, "I know you, you are Boosey; I am sober."

My very last visit to America was an extremely painful one. Caryll was rehearsing a new piece, and it was during these rehearsals that the fatal illness developed that carried him off. I was with him when he died. Strangely enough, during the same week, little Victor Jacobi, who was in New York, told me he was feeling very ill, and had been ordered to a nursing-home. I went and saw him in the home. I never, however, imagined he was as ill as he was. Two days afterwards they told me he was dying. After poor Caryll's burial I got on to the steamer

for my return to England, and had only been a few hours out of the harbour from New York when a cable was handed to me on board that little Jacobi had died that morning. As the cable was handed to me – I was in the Ritz grill-room – the orchestra on board were playing the charming music of his opera *Sybil*.

I cannot refer to Ivan Caryll's death without recalling a very painful incident. Caryll had bought from Sacha Guitry the right to set a libretto of his entitled *L'Amour Masqué*. He had paid Guitry £1,000. Guitry's libretto arrived almost the day before Caryll died. Upon Caryll's death, I, as an executor of the Caryll estate, wrote to Guitry and explained the painful circumstances, and said I feared the Caryll family would be left very hard up. Under the circumstances, I said to Guitry that no doubt he would be willing to refund the £1,000 as it was all important the Caryll family should collect all that was due to them, and Guitry of course would be free to place his libretto elsewhere. Guitry replied he did not see his way to refunding the £1,000. I was compelled, therefore, to bring an action against him in Paris for the return of the same, which case I won. Guitry then appealed, and the appeal was not reached in the Paris courts until nearly three years later. I won the case again in the French Court of Appeal, but by that time, what with the collapse of the French franc and the ghastly expense of litigation, not one penny returned to the Caryll family from the £1,000 originally paid by Caryll. What made the position even more pathetic was that Sacha Guitry had his libretto set to music by my old friend André Messager, and the piece in Paris and in the French provinces scored a very big success. Such is life!

EPILOGUE

MY GALLERY OF GHOSTS

*My gallery of ghosts,
I pass down it every day;
I see all the well-known faces
That have come and passed away.
There is naught to mark their passing,
Save a little slab of stone,
And I stand amid the silences,
Alone!*

AN old friend of mine once said: "The first part of one's life is spent in making friends, the last half in losing them." I am terribly conscious of the truth of this dictum.

My memory itself I find often plays me false. I begin to wonder if I shall one day resemble a dear old gentleman I used to meet at a southern watering-place. He had once, I believe, been Postmaster-General in one of Gladstone's administrations. After I had known him and talked to him for a fortnight, I came into the hotel one afternoon and found him in the smoking-room. The first thing he said to me as I sat down beside him was: "Do you happen to know a Mr. William Boosey in this hotel? He is a charming fellow! I think you would like him!" I said I knew him quite well, and agreed he was a charming fellow! What else could I have said? What would you have said, reader?

In the world of music all the old landmarks have been obliterated. Everything is in the melting-pot. There will be many surprises; none of us can tell what the outcome of it all will be. There will be a great many disappointments; there may be some successes. It will be very much easier for the new generation to lose money over music, and very much harder to make it. We shall not live to see the ultimate outcome of these tremendous changes. My own mind is perfectly clear on one point. It is for the younger generation to entirely reconstruct the world of music. Mechanical music and music broadcast are revolutionaries. It is for the young men of to-day and to-morrow to find the method of dealing with them. They must not emulate some of the poor old politicians, dear old gentlemen who cannot realise that the face of the whole world has changed. Music must not, shall not, be all mechanical. But the young men must see to it. They have a desperately difficult task in front of them; but youth, as it should do, glories in surmounting obstacles, no matter how imposing. I, myself, am deeply conscious of the more than generous appreciation that has marked my long passage through the world of music, both on the part of colleagues and rivals as publishers, and, last but not least, on the part of artistes and composers. To the younger generation, authors and composers, singers and artistes, generally, as I leave them, I bestow upon them my blessing and my warmest good wishes for their ultimate success.

We must not part upon a sad note. We must never despair. The world is always young, or rather it is always being born again. There was never a winter was not followed by a spring. That is mankind's and music's salvation.

I appeal to Sir Henry Newbolt:

*This is the song which year by year,
While in its place the school is set,
Every one of its sons must hear,
And none that hear it dare forget;
This they all with a cheerful mind
Bear through life like a torch aflame,
And, falling, fling to the host behind:
"Play up, play up, and play the game."*

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